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PRICE 15 CENTS.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 111.)

THE LIAR.

A COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

Adapted from the French of "Le menteur" by Corneille.

BY SAMUEL FOOTE.

Author of "The Mayor of Garratt," "The Maid of Barth," &c., &c.

As Altered and Adapted by CHARLES MATHEWS.

AND FIRST PERFORMED (SO ALTERED) AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. HORACE WIGAN, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

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	M.	F.		M.	F.
141. Absent Minded, Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	3	1	124. Deaf as a Post, Ethiopian sketch....	2	
73. African Box, burlesque, 2 scenes... 5			111. Deeds of Darkness, Ethiopian extravaganza, 1 act.....	6	1
107. Africanus Bluebeard, musical Ethiopian burlesque, 1 scene.....	6	2	139. Desperate Situation (A), farce, 1 sc. 5	2	
113. Ambition, farce, 2 scenes.....	7		50. Draft (The), sketch, 2 scenes.....	6	
133. Awful Plot (An) Ethiopian farce, 1a.	3	1	64. Dutchman's Ghost, 1 scene.....	4	1
43. Baby Elephant, sketch, 2 scenes....	7	1	95. Dutch Justice, laughable sketch, 1 scene.....	11	
42. Bad Whiskey, Irish sketch, 1 scene.	2	1	67. Editor's Troubles, farce, 1 scene... 6		
79. Barney's Courtship, musical interlude, 1 act.....	1	2	4. Eh? What is it? sketch.....	4	1
40. Big Mistake, sketch, 1 scene.....	4		136. Election Day, Ethiopian farce, 2 sc. 6	1	
6. Black Chap from Whitechapel, Negro piece.....	4		93. Elopement (The), farce, 2 scenes... 4	1	
10. Black Chemist, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			52. Excise Trials, sketch, 1 scene.....	10	1
11. Black-Ey'd William, sketch, 2 scenes	4	1	25. Fellow that Looks like Me, interlude, 1 scene.....	2	1
146. Black Forrest (The), Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	2	1	88. First Night (The), Dutch farce, 1 act	4	2
110. Black Magician (De), Ethiopian comicality.....	4	2	51. Fisherman's Luck, sketch, 1 scene.	2	
126. Black Statue (The), Negro farce.... 4	2		152. Fun in a Cooper's Shop, Ethiopian sketch.....	6	
127. Blinks and Jinks, Ethiopian sketch.	3	1	106. Gambrinus, King of Lager Beer, Ethiopian burlesque, 2 scenes... 8	1	
128. Bobolino, the Black Bandit, Ethiopian musical farce, 1 act.....	2	1	83. German Emigrant (The), sketch, 1 sc. 2	2	2
120. Body Snatchers (The), Negro sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	77. Getting Square on the Call Boy, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
78. Bogus Indian, sketch, 4 scenes.... 5	2		17. Ghost (The), Sketch, 1 act.....	2	
89. Bogus Talking Machine (The), farce, 1 scene.....	4		58. Ghost in a Pawn Shop, sketch, 1 sc. 4		
24. Bruised and Cured, sketch, 1 scene.	2		31. Glycerine Oil, sketch, 2 scenes.... 3		
108. Charge of the Hash Brigade, comic Irish musical sketch.....	2	2	20. Going for the Cup, interlude..... 4		
148. Christmas Eve in the South Ethiopian farce, 1 act.....	6	2	82. Good Night's Rest, sketch, 1 scene.	3	
35. Coal Heaver's Revenge, Negro sketch, 1 scene.....	6		130. Go and get Tight, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	6	
112. Coming Man (The), Ethiopian sketch, 2 scenes.....	3	1	86. Gripsack, sketch, 1 scene.....	3	
41. Cremation, sketch, 2 scenes.....	8	1	70. Guide to the Stage, sketch.....	3	
144. Crowded Hotel (The), sketch, 1 sc. 4	1		61. Happy Couple, 1 scene.....	2	1
140. Cupid's Frolics, sketch, 1 scene.... 5	1		142. Happy Uncle Rufus, Ethiopian musical sketch, 1 scene.....	1	1
12. Daguerrtypes, sketch, 1 scene.... 3			23. Hard Times, extravaganza, 1 scene.	5	1
53. Damon and Pythias, burlesque, 2 sc. 7	1		118. Helen's Funny Babies, burlesque, 1 act.....	6	
63. Darkey's Stratagem, sketch, 1 scene.	3	1	3. Hemmed In, sketch.....	3	1
131. Darkey Sleep Walker (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	3	1	48. High Jack, the Heeler, sketch, 1 sc. 6		
			68. Hippotheadron, sketch.....	9	
			150. How to Pay the Rent, farce, 1 scene	6	
			74. In and Out, sketch, 1 scene.....	2	
			123. Intelligence Office (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene.....	2	1

THE LIAR.

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF "LE MENTEUR" BY CORNEILLE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE,

Author of "The Mayor of Garrall," "The Maid of Bath," etc., etc., etc.

AS ALTERED AND ADAPTED BY

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WIGAN, SATURDAY, MARCH THE 9TH, 1867.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—EN-
TRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PER-
FORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.



NEW YORK:
THE DE WITT PUBLISHING HOUSE,
No. 33 ROSE STREET.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Olympic Theatre, London, March 9, 1867.</i>	<i>Wallack's Theatre, New York, Nov. 22, 1873.</i>
Sir James Elliot.....	Mr. H. J. MONTAGUE.	Mr. W. J. FERGUSON.
Old Wilding (1st Old Man)....	Mr. ADDISON.	Mr. JOHN GILBERT.
Young Wilding (Light Comedy)...	Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS.	Mr. LESTER WALLACK.
Papillion (Character Comedy)...	Mr. HORACE WIGAN.	Mr. HARRY BECKETT.
John (Miss Godfrey's Servant— Utility).....	Mr. FRANKS.	Mr. J. PECK.
William (Miss Grantham's Ser- vant—Utility).....		Mr. J. JOSEPHS.
Young Wilding's Servant (Util- ity).....		
Miss Grantham (Comedy Lead)...	Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS.	Miss JEFFREYS-LEWIS.
Miss Godfrey (a Rich Old Maid— Old Woman).....	Mrs. STEPHENS.	Mrs. JOHN SEFTON.
	Soldiers, Ladies, and Gentlemen, etc., etc.	

SCENERY (*London, 1762.*)

ACT I.—ST. JAMES'S PARK.

ACT II.—ROOM AT MISS GODFREY'S.

ACT I.—St. James's Park. Landscape with background of houses' upper stories seen over and behind trees. Trees for wings. Sky sinks and borders. Set trees on stage, R. C. and L. C.

ACT II.—Par'or in 3d grooves. Screen R. C.; sofa L. C. Tables and Cabinets at back. Doors R. and L. 1 E., and R. in F. Window, curtained, L. in F. Carpet down.

COSTUMES (*Period 1750.*)

SIR JAMES.—Embroidered suit, powdered wig, sword, etc., chapeau bras, cane.

YOUNG WILDING.—Silk embroidered suit, sword, etc.

OLD WILDING.—Green cloth, gold laced suit, three-cornered hat, cane.

PAPILLION.—Salmon colored suit, large wig with queue, cane.

MISS GRANTHAM.—Embroidered silk sacque, short sleeves, ruffles, large fan, long gloves, powder. *Second dress*: black wrapper, Pamela hat, with bows.

MISS GODFREY.—Embroidered silk sacque, large apron, powder and patches.

PROPERTIES.


ACT I.—Snuff-boxes, canes and swords for GENTLEMEN; letter for JOHN to enter with, L. 2 E. *Act II*: Screen; ornaments; bundle of papers for PAPILLION to enter with; legal paper for OLD WILDING; half mask for MISS GRANTHAM; letter for her.

TIME OF PLAYING—ONE HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. C. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

First performed at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, Jan. 12, 1762; in *Two Acts*, at the Drury Lane Theatre, August 15, 1820; as altered by Mr. C. Mathews, at the Olympic Theatre, London, Saturday, March 9, 1867.

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CHARACTERS.

Covent Garden, Jan. 12, 1762. Original.	Haymarket. July 30, 1764.	Drury Lane (1st time there), Dec. 12, 1767.	Covent Garden, April 22, 1775.	Covent Garden, November 16, 1787.
Sir James Elliot.....Mr. MATTOCKS.	Mr. DAVIS.	Mr. J. AITKIN.	Mr. DAVIS.	Mr. DAVIS.
Old Wilding....." SPARKS.	" CASTLE.	" BANNISTER.	" FEARON.	" FEARON.
Young Wilding....." FOOTE.	" FOOTE.	" J. PALMER.	" LEE LEWIS.	" CAMBRAY (1st app.)
Papillion....." SHUTER.	" WESTON.	" WESTON.	" QUICK.	" WEWITZER.
Miss Grantham.....Mrs. BELLAMY.	Mrs. JEFFRIES.	Mrs. JEFFRIES.	Mrs. BULKELEY.	Mrs. BERNARD.
Miss Godfrey....." BURDEN.	" BROWN.	Miss SIMPSON.	" WHITFIELD.	" LEWIS.
Kitty....." ABEG.	" PARSONS.	" MATHEWS.	Miss PEARCE.	" PLATT.
Drury Lane, October 4, 1802.	Covent Garden, June 9, 1812.	Drury Lane, December 23, 1819.	Drury Lane, June 5, 1824.	Surrey, June 15, 1837.
Sir James Elliot.....Mr. DE CAMP.	Mr. HAMERTON.	Mr. BARNARD.	Mr. THOMPSON.	Mr. ELVIN.
Old Wilding....." POWELL.	" CHAPMAN.	" POWELL.	" POWELL.	" D. PITT.
Young Wilding....." DWYER.	" JONES.	" ELLISTON.	" ELLISTON.	" VANDENHOFF.
Papillion....." WATHEN.	" FARLEY.	" MORDAUNT.	" GATTIE.	" BENSON HILL.
Tom (Miss Godfrey's Servant).	" HUCKEL.	" MORETON.	" WILMOTT.	
William (Young Wilding's Servant).....				
Miss Grantham.....Miss MELLON.	Mrs. ORGFI.	Miss E. BOLTON.	Mrs. ORGER.	Miss GRANT.
Miss Godfrey....." CAMPBELL.	" ROBINSON.	" BOLTON.	Miss SMITHSON.	Mrs. LEWIS.
Kitty....." TIDSWELL.	Miss TIDSWELL.	" LESERVE.	Mrs. HARLOWE.	Miss YATES.

THE LIAR.

Adaptation of "Le menteur" (altered from the Spanish), by Corneille.

"The Mistaken Beauty," 4to, . . . 1661—

"The Lying Lover," 1703—*Steele.*

"The Liar," 1762—*Foote.*

"THE LIAR" may, we think, be called the best of Foote's productions; at all events it has a fairer chance of sailing down the stream of time than any other of his works; for though formed after the French model, it is not deficient in character, and its principal portrait does not belong to the manners of any age; society will never be so virtuous, nor temptation so diminished, that lying should go out of fashion. Young Wilding, therefore, may be always expected to please, while the drama itself shall please. In the fable there is nothing to offend by improbability.

The dialogue is both elegant and humorous, and that in an eminent degree. Young Wilding's stories to his father, of his wife, his kittens, and his pokers, are in the richest style of the Congreve school of comedy, and are a sufficient proof that comic effect does not depend on incident or situation; the scene in question is striking only by the force of language, and indeed the same may be said of the whole piece, yet it pleases by the brilliancy of its dialogue, and not by the intricacies of its fable.

This is not the place to institute a comparison between the English and French schools of comedy, but we may be allowed a cursory remark, that humor and character seem to be the distinctive features of the first, while the latter only aims at brilliant dialogue, and provided the dramatis personæ speak pungent sarcasm and witty epigram, is little careful to impress on them those peculiar marks of habit and nature, which distinguish man from man in the business of daily life.

Foote's Comedy of *The Liar* has not been played in London for thirty years.

In adapting it to the modern stage, I have made the following alterations:—The changes of scene from "Young Wilding's lodgings" to "The Park," then to the "Tavern," then to "Miss Grantham's," then to the "Street," then to "Miss Godfrey's," were tiresome and unnecessary, and I have re-arranged the piece so as to need only one set scene in each act; and, although I only drop the curtain once, I have retained every word of the dialogue of the three acts as originally written, restoring the effective and very necessary scene in the second act, which has been hitherto omitted in all the acting editions, merely transferring the situation from the exterior balcony of the house to Miss Godfrey's apartment.

The character of Miss Godfrey—in the original a sentimental, serious young lady—I have changed into a frumpish, pretentious old maid, which makes her squabbles with Miss Grantham more comic, and enhances the situation in the second act, when she is, to the dismay of Young Wilding, presented to him as his chosen wife.

The character of "Kitty," I have entirely suppressed, giving to Miss Grantham the assumption of "Lydia Sybthorp," which makes the lesson much more pungent and leads to a more effectual *dénouement*.

Lastly, I have altered the very unsatisfactory disappearance of Young Wilding from the stage (pursued by Kitty), leaving the audience in doubt as to his fate, and ending the piece without the presence of the principal character, and have brought the comedy to a more dramatic and amusing termination.

The distinguished success which has attended this adaptation, will, I trust, be my excuse for the liberties I have taken with the original.

THE LIAR.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Park, in 3d grooves.*

Enter YOUNG WILDING *and* PAPILLION, R. 2 E.

YOUNG W. And I am now, Papillion, perfectly equipped ?

PAP. *Personne mieux ;* nobody better.

YOUNG W. My figure ?

PAP. *Faite à peindre.*

YOUNG W. My air ?

PAP. *Libre.*

YOUNG W. My address ?

PAP. *Parisienne.*

YOUNG W. My hat sits easily under my arm ; not like the dragged tail of my tattered academical habit.

PAP. *Ah ! bien autre chose.*

YOUNG W. Why, then, adieu, A'ma Mater ! *bien venue, la ville de Londres !* farewell to the schools, and welcome the theatres ; presidents, proctors, and short commons with long graces, must now give place to plays and long tavern bills, with no graces at all !

PAP. Ah, bravo, bravo !

YOUNG W. How long have you left Paris, Papillion ?

PAP. Twelve, dirteen year.

YOUNG W. I can't compliment you upon your progress in English.

PAP. The accent is *difficile.*

YOUNG W. But here you are at home ?

PAP. *C'est vrai.*

YOUNG W. No stranger to fashionable places ?

PAP. *Au fait !*

YOUNG W. Acquainted with the fashionable figures of both sexes ?

PAP. *Sans doute.*

YOUNG W. Well, then, open your lecture ; and d'ye hear, Papillion, as you have the honor to be promoted from the mortifying condition of an humble valet to the important charge of a private tutor, let us discard all distance between us ; see me ready to slake my thirst at your fountain of knowledge, my Magnus Apollo.

PAP. Here, then, I disclose my Helicon to my poetical pupil.

YOUNG W. Hey, Papillion !

PAP. Sir ?

YOUNG W. What is this ? Why, you speak English ?

PAP. Without doubt.

YOUNG W. But like a native !

PAP. To be sure.

YOUNG W. And what am I to conclude from all this?

PAP. Logically thus, sir.—Whoever speaks pure English is an Englishman; I speak pure English, *ergo*, I am an Englishman. There's a categorical syllogism for you—major, minor, and consequence. What, do you think, sir, that while you were busy at Oxford I was idle? No, no, no!

YOUNG W. Well, sir, but notwithstanding your pleasantry, I must have this matter explained.

PAP. So you shall, my good sir. Then you are to know, sir, that my former situation has been rather above my present condition, I having once sustained the dignity of sub-preceptor to one of those cheap rural academies with which our county of York is so plentifully stocked.

YOUNG W. But why this disguise? Why renounce your country?

PAP. There, sir, you make a little mistake; it was my country that renounced me!

YOUNG W. Explain.

PAP. In an instant; upon quitting the school, and first coming to town, I got recommended to the compiler of the 'Monthly Review.'

YOUNG W. What, an author too?

PAP. Oh, a voluminous one! * 'The whole region of the belles lettres fell under my inspection; physic, divinity, and the mathematics, my mistress managed herself. There, sir, like another Aristarch, I dealt out fame and damnation at pleasure. In obedience to the caprice and commands of my master, I have condemned books I never read, and applauded the fidelity of a translation without understanding one syllable of the original.

YOUNG W. Ah! why, I thought acuteness of discernment and depth of knowledge were necessary to accomplish a critic.

PAP. Yes, sir; but not a monthly one. Our method is very concise. We copy the title page of a new book; we never go any further. If we are ordered to praise it, we have at hand about ten words, which, scattered through as many periods, effectually does the business; as, 'laudable design, happy arrangement, spirited language, nervous sentiment, elevation of thought, conclusive argument.' If we are to decry, then we have, 'unconnected, flat, false, illiberal, stricture, reprehensible, unnatural.' And thus, sir, we pepper the author, and soon rid our hands of his work.

YOUNG W. A short recipe!

PAP. And yet, sir, you have all the materials that are necessary. These are the arms with which we engage authors of every kind. To us all subjects are equal; plays or sermons, poetry of politics, music or physic, it is the same thing.

YOUNG W. How came you to resign this easy employment?

PAP. It would not answer. Notwithstanding what we say, people will judge for themselves; our work hung upon hand." But all I could get from the publisher was four shillings a week and my small beer. Poor pittance!

YOUNG W. Poor, indeed.

PAP. Oh! half starved me.

YOUNG W. What was your next change?

PAP. I was mightily puzzled to choose. Some would have me turn player, and others Methodist preacher; but as I had no money to build me a tabernacle, I did not think it could answer; and as to player—whatever might happen to me, I was determined not to bring a disgrace upon my family; and so I resolved to turn footman.

* The parts enclosed thus (" ") may be omitted.

YOUNG W. Wisely resolved.

PAP. Yes, sir—but not so easily executed.

YOUNG W. No!

PAP. Oh, no, sir! Many a weary step have I taken after a place. Here I was too old, there I was too young, here the last livery was too big, there it was too little. In short, I was quite in a state of despair, when chance threw an old friend in my way, that quite retrieved my affairs.

YOUNG W. Pray who might he be?

PAP. A little bit of a Swiss genius, who had been French usher with me at the same school in the country. I opened my melancholy story to him over threepennyworth of *beef-a-la-mode*, in a cellar in St. James's. My little foreign friend pursed up his lanthorn jaws, and, with a shrug of contempt, "*Ah! maitre Jean, vous n'avez pas la politique; you have no finesse; to thrive here you must study the folly of your own country.*" "How, Monsieur?" "*Tuiez-vous; keep-a-your tongue. Autrefois I teach you speak French, now I teach-a you to forget English. Go vid me to my logement, I vil give you proper dress; den go present yourself to de same hotels, de very same house, you find all de doors dat was shut in your face as footman *Anglais*, vil fly open demselves to a French *valet-de-chambre.*"*

YOUNG W. Well, Papillion?

PAP. Gad! sir, I thought it was but an honest artifice, so I determined to follow my friend's advice.

YOUNG W. Did it succeed?

PAP. Better than expectation. My tawny face, long queue, and broken English, was a *passé-partout*. Besides, when I am out of place, this disguise procures me many resources.

YOUNG W. As how?

PAP. Why, at a pinch, sir, I am either a teacher of tongues, a friseur, dentist, or a dancing master; these, sir, are hereditary professions to Frenchmen.

YOUNG W. But let us sally. Where do we open?

PAP. Let us see—one o'clock—it is a fine day; the Mall will be crowded.

YOUNG W. *Allons!*

PAP. But I would, sir, crave a moment's audience, upon a subject that may prove very material to you.

YOUNG W. Proceed.

PAP. You will pardon my presumption; but you have, my good master, one little foible that I could wish you to correct.

YOUNG W. What is it?

PAP. And yet it is a pity, too; you do it so very well.

YOUNG W. Pr'ythee be plain.

PAP. You have, sir, a lively imagination, with a most happy turn invention.

YOUNG W. Well?

PAP. But now and then, in your narratives you are hurried, by a flow of spirits, to border upon the improbable; a little given to the marvellous.

YOUNG W. I understand you. What, I am somewhat subject to lying?

PAP. Oh, pardon me, sir, I don't say tha'; no, no, only a little apt to embellish, that's all. To be sure it is a fine gift, that there is no disputing—but men in general are so stupid, so rigorously attached to matter of fact; and yet this talent of yours is the very soul and spirit of poetry; and why it should not be the same in prose I can't for my life determine.

YOUNG W. You would advise me, then, not to be quite so poetical in my prose?

PAP. Why, sir, if you would descend a little to the grovelling comprehension of the million, I think it would be as well.

YOUNG W. I believe you are right; but we shall be late. D'ye hear, Papillion? if at any time you find me too poetical, give me a hint; your advice shan't be thrown away!

[*Exeunt*, L. 2 B.

Enter MISS GRANTHAM, MISS GODFREY and JOHN, R. U. E.

MISS GRANTHAM. John, let the chariot go round to Spring Gardens. (*Exit* JOHN) My dear Miss Godfrey, what trouble I have had to get you out; why, you are as tedious as a long morning. Do you know, now, that of all places of public rendezvous, I honor the Park; forty thousand million of times preferable to the playhouse! Don't you think so, my dear?

MISS GODFREY. They are both well in their way.

MISS GR. Way; why the purpose of both is the same, to meet company, isn't it? What, d'ye think I go there for the plays, or come here for the trees? ha, ha! Well, that is well enough; but, oh, gemini! I beg a million of pardons; you are a prude, and have no relish for the little innocent liberties with which a fine woman may indulge herself in public.

MISS GO. Liberties in public?

MISS GR. Yes, dear; such as encoring a song at an opera, interrupting a play by talking louder than the people on the stage, hallooing to a pretty fellow across the Mall as loud as if you were calling a coach. Why, do you know, my dear, that by a lucky stroke in dress, and a few high airs of my own making, I have had the good fortune to be gazed at and followed by as great a crowd on a Sunday as if I was the Chinese ambassador.

MISS GO. The good fortune, ma'am? Surely the wish of every decent woman is to be unnoticed in public.

MISS GR. Decent! Oh, my dear queer creature, what a phrase have you found out for a woman of fashion. Decency is, child, a mere plebeian quality, and fit only for those who pay court to the world, and not for us to whom the world pays court. Upon my word, you must enlarge your ideas. But, as I was saying—pray, my dear, what was I saying?

MISS GO. I profess I don't recollect.

MISS GR. Hey!—Oh, ah, the Park! One great reason for my loving the Park is, that one has so many opportunities of creating connections.

MISS GO. Ma'am!

MISS GR. Nay, don't look grave; why, do you know that all my male friendships are formed in this place?

MISS GO. It is an odd spot; but you must pardon me if I doubt the possibility.

MISS GR. Oh, I will convince you in a moment, for here seems to be coming a good smart figure that I don't recollect. I will throw out a lure. (*drops her handkerchief*.)

MISS GO. Nay, for heaven's sake!

MISS GR. I am determined, that is—

MISS GO. You will excuse my withdrawing.

MISS GR. Oh, please yourself, my dear.

[MISS GODFREY *retires behind trees*, R. C

Enter YOUNG WILDING, *with* PAPILLION, L. 2 E.

YOUNG W. Your ladyship's handkerchief, ma'am.

MISS GR. I am, sir, concerned at the trouble.

YOUNG W. A most happy incident for me, madam; as chance has given me an honor in one lucky minute, that the most diligent attention has not been able to procure for me in the whole tedious round of a revolving year.

MISS GR. Is this meant to me, sir?

YOUNG W. To whom else, madam? Surely you must have marked my respectful assiduity, my uninterrupted attendance; to plays, operas, balls, routs, and ridottos, I have pursued you like your shadow. I have besieged your door for a glimpse of your exit and entrance like a distressed creditor, who has no arms against privilege but perseverance.

PAP. (*aside*). So, now he is in for it; stop him who can.

YOUNG W. In short, madam, ever since I quitted America, which I take now to be about a year, I have as faithfully guarded the live-long night, your ladyship's port ul, as a sentinel the powder magazine in a fortified city.

PAP. (*aside*). Quitted America! well pulled.

MISS GR. You have served in America then?

YOUNG W. Full four years, ma'am; and during that whole time, not a single action of consequence but I had an opportunity to signalize myself; and I think I may, without vanity affirm I did not miss the occasion. You have heard of Quebec, I presume?

PAP. (*aside*). What the deuce is he driving at now?

YOUNG W. The project to surpise that place was thought a happy expedient, and the first mounting the breach a gallant exploit; there, indeed the whole army did me justice.

MISS GR. I have heard the honor of that conquest attributed to another name.

YOUNG W. The mere taking the town, ma'am; but that's a trifle; sieges now-a-days are reduced to certainties; it is amazing how minutely exact we who know the business are at calculation; for instance, now, we will suppose the Communder-in-chief, addressing himself to me, was to say, "Colonel, I want to reduce that fortress; what will be the expense?" "Why, please your highness, the reduction of that fortress will cost you one thousand and two lives, sixty-nine legs, ditto arms, fourscore fractures, with about twenty dozen of flesh wounds."

MISS GR. And you shall be near the mark?

YOUNG W. To an odd joint, ma'am. But, madam, it is not to the French people alone that my feats are confined; Cherokees, Catabaws, with all the Aws and Ees of the continent have felt the force of my arms!

PAP. (*aside to* YOUNG WILDING). This is too much, sir?

YOUNG W. (*aside*). Hands off! (*loud*) Nor am I less adroit at a treaty, madam, than terrible in battle; to me we owe the friendship of the Five Nations, and I had the first honor of smoking the pipe of peace with the Little Carpenter!

MISS GR. Is it possible?

YOUNG W. This gentleman, though a Frenchman and an enemy, I had the fortune to deliver from the Mohawks, whose prisoner he had been for nine years. He gives a most entertaining account of their laws and customs; he shall present you with the wampum-belt and a scalping-knife. Will you permit him, madam, just to give you a taste of the military dance, with a short specimen of their warwhoop?

PAP. (*aside to* YOUNG WILDING). For heaven's sake!

MISS GR. The place is too public.

YOUNG W. In short, madam, after having gathered as many laurels abroad as would garnish a Gothic cathedral at Christmas, I returned to reap the harvest of the well-fought field; here it was my good fortune to encounter you; then was the victor vanquished; what the enemy could never accomplish, your eyes in an instant achieved; prouder to serve here than to command in chief elsewhere; and more glorious in wearing your chains than in triumphing over the vanquished world!

MISS GR. (*aside*). I have got here a most heroical lover; but I see Sir James Elliot coming, and must dismiss him. (*aloud*) Well, sir, I accept the tender of your passion, and may find a time to renew our acquaintance; at present, it is necessary we should separate.

YOUNG W. "Slave to your will, I live but to obey you." But may I be indulged with the knowledge of your residence?

MISS GR. Sir?

YOUNG W. Your place of abode.

MISS GR. Oh! sir, you can't want to be acquainted with that; you who have a whole year stood sentinel at my ladyship's portal.

YOUNG W. Madam, I—I—I—

MISS GR. Oh! sir, your servant; ha, ha, ha! What, you are caught! Ha, ha, ha! Well, he has a most intrepid assurance. Adieu, my Mars. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit, R. 2 E.*]

PAP. That last was an unlucky question, sir.

YOUNG W. A little *mal-a-propos*, I must confess.

PAP. A man should have a good memory who deals much in this poetical prose.

YOUNG W. Pho! I'll soon re-establish my credit. But I must know who this girl is; hark ye, Papillion, could not you contrive to pump out of her footman—I see there he stands—the name of his mistress?

PAP. I will try. [*Exit, R. U. E.—WILDING retires up the stage.*]

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT and WILLIAM, L. 2 E.

SIR J. Music and an entertainment?

WILLIAM. Yes, sir.

SIR J. Last night, upon the water?

WIL. Upon the water, last night.

SIR J. Who gave it?

WIL. That, sir, I can't say.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter PAPIILLION, R. U. E.

YOUNG W. (*coming forward*). Sir James Elliot, your most devoted.

SIR J. Ah, my dear Wilding, you are welcome to town!

YOUNG W. You will pardon my impatience; I interrupted you—you seemed upon an interesting subject.

SIR J. Oh, an affair of gallantry.

YOUNG W. Of what kind?

SIR J. A young lady regaled last night by her lover, on the Thames.

YOUNG W. As how?

SIR J. A band of music in boats.

YOUNG W. Were they good performers?

SIR J. The best; then conducted to Marble Hall, where she found a magnificent collation.

YOUNG W. Well ordered!

SIR J. With elegance. After supper a ball, and to conclude the night, a firework.

YOUNG W. Was the last well designed ?

SIR J. Superb !

YOUNG W. And happily executed ?

SIR J. Not a single *faux pas*.

YOUNG W. And you don't know who gave it ?

SIR J. I can't even guess.

YOUNG W. Ha, ha, ha ?

SIR J. Why do you laugh ?

YOUNG W. Ha, ha, ha ! It was me !

SIR J. You ?

PAP. You, sir ?

YOUNG W. *Moi même !*—me !

PAP. So, so, so ; he is entered again.

SIR J. Why, you are fortunate, to find a mistress in so short a space of time.

YOUNG W. Short ? Why, man, I have been in London these six weeks ?

PAP. (*aside*). O lord ! O lord !

YOUNG W. It is true, not daring to encounter my father, I have rarely ventured out but at nights ; but since the story is got abroad, I will, my dear friend, treat you with all the particulars.

SIR J. I shall hear it with pleasure. (*aside*) This is a lucky adventure, but he must not know he is my rival.

YOUNG W. Why, sir, between six and seven my goddess embarked a Somerset stairs, in one of the city companies' barges, gilt and hung with damask, expressly for the occasion.

PAP. (*aside*). Mercy on us !

YOUNG W. At the cabin-door she was accosted by a beautiful boy, who, in the garb of a Cupid, paid her some compliments in verse of my own composing ; the conceits were pretty ; allusions to Venus and the sea—the lady and the Thames—no great matter ; but, however, well-timed, and what was better, well taken.

SIR J. Doubtless ; from the poets !

PAP. (*aside*). At what a rate he runs !

YOUNG W. As soon as we gained the centre of the river, two boats full of trumpets, French horns, and other martial music, struck up their sprightly strains from the Surrey side, which were echoed by a suitable number of lutes, flutes, and oboes from the opposite shore. In this state, the oars keeping time, we majestically sailed along, till the arches of the new bridge gave a pause, and an opportunity for an elegant dessert in Dresden china by Robinson. Here the repast closed, with a few favorite airs from Eliza, Tenducci, and the Mattei.

PAP. (*aside*). Mercy on us !

YOUNG W. Opposite Lambeth I had prepared a naval engagement, in which Boscawen's victory over the French was repeated ; the action was conducted by one of the commanders on that expedition and not a single incident omitted.

SIR J. Surely you exaggerate a little.

PAP. (*aside*). Yes, yes, this battle will sink him.

YOUNG W. True to the letter, upon my honor ! I shan't trouble you with a repetition of our collation, ball, *feux d'artifice*, with the thousand little incidental amusements that chance or design produced ; it is enough to know that all that could flatter the senses, fire the imagination, or gratify the expectation, was there produced in lavish abundance.

SIR J. The sacrifice was, I presume, grateful to your deity.

YOUNG W. Upon that subject you must pardon my silence.

PAP. (*aside*). Modest creature!

SIR J. I wish you joy of your success. For the present you will excuse me.

YOUNG W. Nay, but stay and hear the conclusion.

SIR J. For that I shall seize another occasion.

[*Exit, R.*]

PAP. Nobly performed, sir.

YOUNG W. Yes, I think happily hit off.

PAP. May I take the liberty to offer one question?

YOUNG W. Freely.

PAP. Pray, sir, are you often visited with these waking dreams?

YOUNG W. Dreams! what dost mean by dreams?

PAP. These ornamental reveries, these frolics of fancy, which, in the judgment of the vulgar, would be deemed absolute fams.

YOUNG W. Why, Papillion, you have but a poor, narrow, circumscribed genius.

PAP. I must own, sir, I have not sublimity sufficient to relish the full fire of your Pindaric muse.

YOUNG W. No, a plebeian soul! But I will animate thy clay; mark my example, follow my steps, and in time thou mayst rival thy master.

PAP. Never, never, sir! I have no talent to fight battles without blows, and give feasts that don't cost me a farthing. Besides, sir, to what purpose are all these embellishments? Why tell the lady you have been in London a year?

YOUNG W. The better to plead the length, and consequently the strength of my passion.

PAP. But why, sir, a soldier?

YOUNG W. How little thou knowest of the sex! What, I suppose thou wouldst have me attack them in mood and figure by a pedantic, classical quotation, or a pompous parade of jargon from the schools. What, dost think that women are to be got like degrees?

PAP. Nay, sir—

YOUNG W. No, no; the *savoir vivre* is the science for them; the man of war is their man; they must be taken like towns, by lines of approach, counterscarps, angles, trenches, coorns, and covert-ways; then enter sword in hand pell-mell. O! how they melt at the Gothic names of General Swappinback, Count Ransomousky, Prince Montecuculi, and Marshal Fustinburgh! Men may say what they will of their Ovid, their Petrarch, and their Waller, but I'll undertake to do more business by the single aid of the London Gazette, than by all the sighing, dymg, crying crotchetts that the whole race of rhymers have ever produced.

PAP. Very well, sir, this is all very lively, but remember the travelling pitcher. If you don't one time or other, under favor, lie yourself into some confounded scrape, I will be content to be hanged.

YOUNG W. Do you think so, Papillion? And whenever that happens, if I don't lie myself out of it again, why, then I will be content to be crucified. (*stops short, L.*) Zounds, here comes my father! Gad, I had like to have run into the old gentleman's mouth.

PAP. It is pretty near the same thing; see, sir, he's talking to Sir James Elliot, so your arrival is no longer a secret.

YOUNG W. Well, then, I must lose my pleasure, and you your preferment; I must submit to the dull decency of a sober family, and you to the customary duties of brushing and powdering. But I was so flattered at meeting my father, that I forgot the fair; pr'ythee, who is she?

PAP. From her footman I learnt her name was Godfrey.

YOUNG W. And her fortune?

PAP. Immense.

YOUNG W. Single, I hope?

PAP. Certainly.

YOUNG W. Then I will have her.

PAP. What, whether she will or no?

YOUNG W. Yes.

PAP. How will you manage that?

YOUNG W. By making it impossible for her to marry any one else.

PAP. I don't understand you, sir.

YOUNG W. Oh, I shall only have recourse to that talent you so mightily admire. You will see, by the circulation of a few anecdotes, how soon I will get rid of my rivals.

PAP. At the expense of the lady's reputation, perhaps,

YOUNG W. That will be as it happens.

PAP. And have you no qualms, sir?

YOUNG W. Why, where's the injury?

PAP. No injury to ruin her fame?

YOUNG W. I will restore it to her again.

PAP. How?

YOUNG W. Turn tinker and mend it myself.

PAP. Which way?

YOUNG W. The old way; solder it by marriage; that, you know, is the modern salve for every sore.

PAP. Here's your father again, sir. There's no escaping him now.

YOUNG W. The devil! Recover your broken English, but preserve your rank—I have a reason for it.

Enter WILDING, L. 2 E.

WILDING. Oho! your servant, sir. You are welcome to town.

YOUNG W. You have just prevented me, sir; I was preparing to pay my duty to you.

WILD. If you thought it a duty, you should, I think, have sooner discharged it.

YOUNG W. Sir!

WILD. Was it quite so decent, Jack, to be six weeks in town, and conceal yourself only from me?

YOUNG W. Six weeks! I have scarcely been six hours.

WILD. Come, come, I am better informed.

YOUNG W. Indeed, sir, you are imposed upon. This gentleman (first give me leave to have the honor of introducing him to you), this, sir, is the Marquis de Chateaubriant, of an ancient house in Brittany; who, travelling through England, chose to make Oxford, for some time, the place of his residence, where I had the happiness of his acquaintance.

WILD. Does he speak English?

YOUNG W. Not fluently, but understands it perfectly.

PAP. (*aside to YOUNG WILDING*). Pray, sir—

WILD. Any services, sir, that I can render you here, you may readily command.

PAP. *Beaucoup d'honneur.*

YOUNG W. This gentleman, I say, sir, whose quality and country are sufficient securities for his veracity, will assure you that yesterday we left Oxford together.

WILD. Indeed.

PAP. *C'est vrai.*

WILD. This is amazing! I was at the same time informed of another circumstance too, that, I confess, made me a little uneasy, as it interferred with a favorite scheme of my own.

YOUNG W. What could that be, pray, sir?

WILD. That you had conceived a violent affection for a fair lady.

YOUNG W. Sir!

WILD. And had given her very gallant and very expensive proofs of your passion.

YOUNG W. Me, sir?

WILD. Particularly last night; music, collations, balls, and fireworks.

YOUNG W. Monsieur le Marquis! And pray, sir, who could tell you all this?

WILD. An old friend of yours.

YOUNG W. His name, if you please.

WILD. Sir James Elliot.

YOUNG W. Yes, I thought he was the man.

WILD. Your reason?

YOUNG W. Why, sir, though Sir James Elliot has a great many good qualities, and is, upon the whole, a valuable man, yet he has one fault which has long determined me to drop his acquaintance.

WILD. What may that be?

YOUNG W. Why you can't, sir, be a stranger to his prodigious skill in the traveller's talent.

WILD. How?

YOUNG W. Oh, notorious to a proverb. His friends, who are tender of his fame, gloss over his foible, by calling him an agreeable novelist; and so he is, with a vengeance. Why, he will tell you more lies in an hour than all the circulating libraries put together will publish in a year.

WILD. Indeed!

YOUNG W. Oh, he is the modern Mandeville; at Oxford he was always distinguished by the facetious appellation of "the Bouncer."

WILD. Amazing!

YOUNG W. Lord, sir, he is so well understood in his own county, that at the last Hereford assize, a cause as clear as the sun was absolutely thrown away by his being merely mentioned as a witness.

WILD. A strange turn.

YOUNG W. Unaccountable. But there I think they went a little too far; for if it had come to an oath, I don't think he would have bounced neither; but in common occurrences there is no repeating after him. Indeed, my great reason for dropping him was that my credit began to be a little suspected too.

PAP. Poor gentleman!

WILD. Why, I never heard this of him.

YOUNG W. That may be; but can there be a stronger proof of his practice than the flam he has been telling you, of fireworks, and heaven knows what? And I dare swear, sir, he was very fluent and florid in his description.

WILD. Extremely.

YOUNG W. Yes, that is just his way; and not a syllable of truth from the beginning to the ending, eh, marquis?

PAP. Oh, dat is all a fiction, upon mine honor.

YOUNG W. You see, sir.

WILD. Clearly; I really can't help pitying the poor man. I have heard of people who, by long habit, became a kind of constitutional liars.

YOUNG W. Your observation is just; that is exactly his case.

PAP. (*aside*). I'm sure it is yours.

WILD. Well, sir, I suppose we shall see you this evening?

YOUNG W. The marquis has an appointment with some of his countrymen, which I have promised to attend; besides, sir, as he is an entire stranger in town, he may want my little services.

WILD. Where can I see you in about an hour? I have a short visit to make in which you are deeply concerned.

YOUNG W. I shall attend your commands, but where?

WILD. Why, here. Marquis, I am your obedient servant.

PAP. *Votre serviteur très humble.* [Exit WILDING, R.]

YOUNG W. So, Papillion, that difficulty is dispatched. I think I am even with Sir James for his tattling.

PAP. Most ingeniously managed, but are not you afraid of the consequence?

YOUNG W. I do not comprehend you.

PAP. A future explanation between the parties.

YOUNG W. That may embarrass, but the day is distant. I warrant I will bring myself off.

PAP. It is in vain for me to advise.

YOUNG W. Why, to say truth, I do begin to find my system attended with danger. Give me your hand, Papillion, I will reform.

PAP. Ah, sir!

YOUNG W. I positively will. Why, this practice may, in time, destroy my credit.

PAP. (*aside*). That is pretty well done already. (*aloud*) Ay, think of that, sir.

YOUNG W. Well, if I don't turn out the merest dull matter-of-fact fellow.—But, Papillion, I must scribble a billet to my new flame. I think her name is——

PAP. Godfrey; her father, an India governor shut up in the strong room at Calcutta, left her all his wealth; she lives near Miss Grantham, by Grosvenor square.

YOUNG W. A governor!—Oh ho!—Bushels of rupees and pecks of pagodas, I reckon. Well, I long to be rummaging. But the old gentleman will soon return; I will hasten to finish my letter. But, Papillion, what could my father mean by a visit in which I am deeply concerned?

PAP. I can't guess.

YOUNG W. I shall know presently. To Miss Godfrey, formerly of Calcutta, now residing in Grosvenor square. Papillion, I won't tell her a word of a lie.

PAP. You won't, sir?

YOUNG W. No; it would be ungenerous to deceive a lady. No; I will be open, candid, and sincere.

PAP. And if you are, it will be the first time. [Exit, L. 2 E.]

Enter MISS GRANTHAM and MISS GODFREY.

MISS GO. And you really like this gallant spark?

MISS GR. Prodigiously! Oh, I'm quite in love with his assurance! I wonder who he is; he can't have been long in town. A young fellow of his easy impudence must have soon made his way into the best of company.

MISS GO. By way of amusement, he may prove no disagreeable acquaintance; but you can't surely leave any designs upon him?

MISS GR. Indeed but I have.

MISS GO. And poor Sir James Elliot is to be discarded at once?

MISS GR. Oh, no!

MISS GO. What is your intention in regard to him!

MISS GR. Hey?—I can't tell you. Perhaps, if I don't like this new man better, I may marry him.

MISS GO. Thou art a strange, giddy girl

MISS GR. Quite the reverse! a perfect pattern of prudence; why, would you have me less careful of my person than my purse?

MISS GO. My dear?

MISS GR. Why, I say, dear, my fortune being in money, I have some in Ind a bonds, some in the bank, some on this loan, some on the other! so that if one fund fails, I have a sure resource in the rest.

MISS GO. Very true.

MISS GR. Well, my dear, just so I manage my love affairs; if I should not like this man—if he should not like me—if we should quarrel—if it—or in short, if any of the ifs should happen which you know break engagements every day, why, by this means I shall be never at a loss.

MISS GO. Quite provident. Well, and pray on how many different securities have you at present placed out your love?

MISS GR. Three. The sober Sir James Elliot; the new America man; and this morning I expect a formal proposal from an old friend of my father.

MISS GO. Mr. Wilding?

MISS GR. Yes; but I don't reckon much upon him, for you know, my dear, what can I do with an awkward, raw college cub? Though, upon second thoughts, that mayn't be too bad neither, for as I must have the fashioning of him, he may be easily moulded to one's mind.

Enter OLD WILDING, R. U. E.

WILD. Ladies, your servant. I have just called at your house, but was told I should find you in the park. I wait upon you, madam, with a request from my son that he may be permitted the honor of kissing your hand.

MISS GR. Your son is in town, then?

WILD. He came last night, ma'am; and though but just from the university, I think I may venture to affirm with as little the air of a pelegant as—

MISS GR. I don't, Mr. Wilding, question the accomplishments of your son; and shall own, too, that his being de-cended from the old friend of my father is to me the strongest recommendation.

WILD. You honor me, madam.

MISS GR. But, sir, I have something to say.

WILD. Pray, madam, speak out; it is impossible to be too explicit on these important occasions.

MISS GR. But you know, sir, there are such things in nature as unaccountable antipathies, aversions, that we take at first sight. I should be glad there could be no danger of that.

WILD. I understand you, madam. You shall have all the satisfaction imaginable. Jack is to meet me immediately. He is here close at hand, and I will introduce him at once; and if his figure has the misfortune to displease, I will take care his addresses shall never offend you. Your most obedient servant. [Exit, L.]

MISS GR. Now there is a polite, sensible old father for you!

MISS GO. Yes; and a very discreet, prudent daughter he is likely to have. Oh, you are a great hypocrite, Kitty!

Enter JOHN, L. 2 E.

JOHN. A letter for you, madam. (to MISS GODFREY.)

MISS GR. Lord, here comes Sir James Elliot. He seems entirely wrapt up in the dismal; what can be the matter now?

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, R. U. E.

SIR J. In passing by your door, I took the liberty, madam, of inquiring after your health.

MISS GR. Very obliging. I hope, sir, you received a favorable account.

SIR J. I did not know but you might have caught cold last night.

MISS GR. Cold! why, sir, I hope I didn't sleep with my bed chamber window open.

SIR J. Madam!

MISS GR. Sir!

SIR J. No, madam; but it was rather hazardous to stay so late upon the water.

MISS GR. Up on the water!

SIR J. Not but the variety of amusements, it must be owned, were a sufficient temptation.

MISS GR. What can he be driving at now? (*aside.*)

SIR J. And pray, madam, what think you of young Wilding? Is he not a gay, agreeable, sprightly—

MISS GR. I never give my opinion of people I don't know.

SIR J. You don't know him!

MISS GR. No.

SIR J. And his father, did he not just leave you?

MISS GR. Most likely he did.

SIR J. I am glad you own that, however. But for the son you never—

MISS GR. Set eyes upon him.

SIR J. Really!

MISS GR. Really.

SIR J. Finely supported! Now, madam, do you know that one of us is just going to make a very ridiculous figure?

MISS GR. Sir, I never had the least doubt of your talents for excelling in that way.

SIR J. Madam, you do me honor; but it does not happen to fall to my lot upon this occasion, however.

MISS GR. And that is a wonder!—what, then I am to be the fool of the comedy, I suppose?

SIR J. Admirably rallied! But I shall dash the spirit of that triumphant laugh.

MISS GR. I dare the attack. Come on, sir.

SIR J. Know then, and blush, that I am no stranger to last night's transactions.

MISS GR. Indeed!

SIR J. From your first entering the barge at Somerset House, to your last landing at Whitehall.

MISS GR. Surprising!

SIR J. Cupids, collations, feasts, fireworks, all have reached me.

MISS GR. Why, you deal in magic.

SIR J. My intelligence is as natural as it is infallible.

MISS GR. May I be indulged with the name of your informer?

SIR J. Only the very individual spark to whose folly you were indebted for this gallant profusion.

MISS GR. But his name?

SIR J. Young Wilding.

MISS GR. You had this story from him?

SIR J. I had.

MISS GR. From Mr. Wilding!—that is amazing.

SIR J. Oh ho! what, you are confounded at last; and no evasion, no subterfuge, no—

MISS GR. Look ye, Sir James; what you can mean by this strange story, and very extraordinary behavior, it is impossible for me to conceive; but as you can't expect that I should be prodigiously pleased with the subject of this visit, you won't be surprised at my wishing it as short as possible.

SIR J. I don't wonder you feel pain at my presence; but you may rest secure; you will have no interruption for me, and I really think it would be a pity to part two people so exactly formed for each other. Your ladyship's servant. (*going*) But, madam, though your sex secures you from any further resentment, yet the present object of your favor may have something to fear. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

MISS GR. Very well. Now, my dear, I hope you will acknowledge the prudence of my plan; to what a pretty condition I must have been reduced if my hopes had rested upon one lover alone!

MISS GO. And you never saw Wilding?

MISS GR. Never.

MISS GO. There is some mystery in this. I have, too, here in my hand, another mortification that you must endure.

MISS GR. Of what kind?

MISS GO. A little allied to the last; it is from the military spark you met this morning.

MISS GR. What are the contents?

MISS GO. Only a formal declaration of love.

MISS GR. Why, you did not see him.

MISS GO. But it seems he did me.

MISS GR. Might I peruse it?—" Battles—no wounds so fatal—cannon-balls—Cupid—spring a mine—cruelty—die on a counterscarp—eyes—artillery—death—The Stranger." It is addressed to you.

MISS GO. I told you so.

MISS GR. You will pardon me, my dear, but I really can't compliment you upon the supposition of a conquest at my expense.

MISS GO. That would be enough to make me vain. But why do you think it was so impossible?

MISS GR. And do you positively want a reason?

MISS GO. Positively.

MISS GR. Why, then, I shall refer you for an answer to a faithful counsellor and most accomplished critic.

MISS GO. Who may that be?

MISS GR. The mirror upon your toilet.

MISS GO. Perhaps you may differ in judgment.

MISS GR. Why, can glasses flatter?

MISS GO. I can't say I think that necessary.

MISS GR. Saucy enough! But come, dear, don't let us quarrel upon so whimsical an occasion, time will explain the whole. You will favor me with your opinion of young Wilding.

MISS GO. Here he comes with his father.

MISS GR. You will forgive me, my dear, the little hint I dropt; it was meant merely to serve you, for indeed, dear, there is no quality so insufferable in a woman as self-conceit and vanity.

MISS GO. You are most prodigiously obliging!

MISS GR. Pert thing! She grows immoderate ugly. I always thought her awkward, but she is now an absolute fright!

MISS GO. As I live, the very individual stranger!

MISS GR. No, sure! Oh, let me have a peep!

MISS GO. It is he! (*they retire behind trees, R. 2 E.*)

Enter WIDDING, YOUNG WILDING, and PAPILLION, L.

WILD. There, Marquis, you must pardon me, for though Paris be more compact, yet surely London covers a much greater quantity. Well, Jack, what do you say to my project, you rogue, you? a fine girl, and an immense fortune; ay, and a prudent sensible wench into the bargain.

YOUNG W. Time enough yet, sir.

WILD. I don't see that; you are, lad, the last of our race, and I should be glad to see some probability of its continuance.

YOUNG W. Suppose, sir, you were to repeat your endeavors; you have cordially my consent.

WILD. No; rather too late in life for that experiment.

YOUNG W. Why, sir, would you recommend a condition to me that you disapprove of yourself?

WILD. Why, sirrah, I have done my duty to the public and my family by producing you. Now, sir, it is incumbent on you to discharge your debt.

YOUNG W. In the college cant, I shall beg leave to tick a little longer.

WILD. Why, then, to be serious, son, this is the very business I wanted to talk with you about. In a word, I wish you married; and, by providing the lady for the purpose, I have proved myself both a father and a friend.

YOUNG W. Far be it from me to question your care, yet some preparation for so important a change—

WILD. Oh, I will allow you a week.

YOUNG W. A little more knowledge of the world.

WILD. That you may study at leisure.

YOUNG W. Now, all Europe is in arms, my design was to serve my country abroad.

WILD. You will be full as useful to it by recruiting her subjects at home.

YOUNG W. You are then resolved?

WILD. Fixed.

YOUNG W. Positively?

WILD. Peremptorily.

YOUNG W. No prayers—

WILD. Can move me.

YOUNG W. (*aside*). How the deuce shall I get out of this toil? (*aloud*) But suppose, sir, there should be an insurmountable objection?

WILD. Oh, leave the reconciling that to me; I am an excellent casuist.

YOUNG W. But I say, sir, if it should be impossible to obey your commands?

WILD. Impossible? I don't understand you.

YOUNG W. Oh, sir! But on my knees first let me crave your pardon.

WILD. Pardon! for what?

YOUNG W. I fear I have lost all title to your future favor.

WILD. Which way?

YOUNG W. I have done a deed—

WILD. Let's hear it.

YOUNG W. At Abingdon, in the county of Berks.

WILD. Well?

YOUNG W. I am——

WILD. What?

YOUNG W. Already married.

WILD. Married!

PAP. Married!

YOUNG W. Married!

WILD. And without my consent?

YOUNG W. Compelled—fatally forced. Oh, sir, did you but know all the circumstances of my sad, sad story, your rage would soon convert itself to pity.

WILD. What an unlucky event! But rise, and let me hear it all.

YOUNG W. The shame and confusion I now feel renders that task at present impossible; I must, therefore, rely for the relation on the good offices of this faithful friend.

PAP. Me, sir? I never heard one word of the matter.

WILD. Come, Marquis, favor me with the particulars.

PAP. Upon my word, sare, dis affair has so shock me, dat I am almost as incapable to tell de tale as your son. (*to YOUNG WILDING*) Dry-a your tears; what can I say, sir?

YOUNG W. Anything! Oh! (*weeps extravagantly.*)

PAP. You see, sare.

WILD. Your kind concern at the misfortunes of my family calls for the most grateful acknowledgment.

PAP. D.s is great misfortune, *sans doute*.

WILD. But if you, a stranger, are thus affected, what must a father feel?

PAP. Oh, *beaucoup*; a great deal more.

WILD. But since the evil is without a remedy, let us know the worst at once; well, sir, at Abingdon?

PAP. Yes, at Abingdon.

WILD. In the county of Berks.

PAP. Dat is right, in the county of Berks.

YOUNG W. Oh, oh!

WILD. Ah, Jack, Jack! are all my hopes, then—Though I dread to ask, yet it must be known; who is the girl, pray, sir?

PAP. De girl, sir? (*aside to YOUNG WILDING*) Who shall I say, sir?

YOUNG W. Anybody.

PAP. For de girl, I can't say, upon my vard.

WILD. Her condition?

PAP. Pas grand condition; dat is to be snre; but dere is no help. (*aside to YOUNG WILDING*) Sir, I am quite aground.

WILD. Yes, I read my shame in his reserve—ome artful hussy.

PAP. Dat may be. Vat you call hussy?

WILD. Or perhaps some common creature; but I'm prepared to hear the worst.

PAP. Have you no mercy?

YOUNG W. I'll step to your relief, sir.

PAP. O Lord, a happy deliverance!

YOUNG W. Though it is almost death to speak, yet it would be infamous to let the reputation of the lady suffer by my silence. She is, sir, of an ancient house and unblemished character.

WILD. That is something.

YOUNG W. And though her fortune may not be equal to the warm wishes of a fond father, yet——

WILD. Her name?

YOUNG W. Miss Lydia Sybthorp.

WILD. Sybthorp? I never heard of the name; but proceed.

YOUNG W. The latter end of last long vacation, I went with Sir James Elliot to pass a few days at a new purchase of his near Abingdon. There, at an assembly, it was my chance to meet and dance with this lady.

WILD. Is she handsome?

YOUNG W. Oh, sir, more beautiful than Venus!

WILD. Nay, no raptures; but go on.

YOUNG W. But to her beauty she adds politeness, affability, and discretion; unless she forfeited that character by fixing her affections on me.

WILD. Modestly observed.

YOUNG W. I was deterred from a public declaration of my passion, dreading the scantiness of her fortune would prove an objection to you. Some private interviews she permitted.

WILD. Was that so decent?—But love and prudence, madness and reason.

YOUNG W. One fatal evening, the twentieth of September, if I mistake not, we were in a retired room, innocently exchanging mutual vows, when her father, whom we expected to sup abroad, came suddenly upon us. I had just time to conceal myself in a closet——

WILD W. What, unobserved by him?

YOUNG W. Entirely. But as my ill stars would have it, a cat, of whom my wife is vastly fond, had a few days before, lodged a litter of kittens in the same place; I unhappily trod upon one of the brood; which so provoked the implacable mother, that she flew at me with the fury of a tiger.

WILD. I have observed those creatures very fierce in defence of their young.

PAP. I shall hate a cat as long as I live!

YOUNG. The noise roused the old gentleman's attention; he opened the door, and there discovered your son.

PAP. Unlucky.

YOUNG W. I rushed to the door; but fatally my foot slipt at the top of the stairs, and down I came tumbling to the bottom. The pistol in my hand went off by accident; this alarmed her three brothers in the parlor, who, with all their servants, rushed with united force upon me.

WILD. And so surprised you?

YOUNG W. No, sir; with my sword I for some time made a gallant defence, and should have inevitably escaped; but a raw-boned, overgrown clumsy cook-wench struck at my sword with a kitchen poker, broke it in two, and compelled me to surrender at discretion; the consequence of which is obvious enough.

WILD. Natural. The lady's reputation, your condition, her beauty, your love, all combined to make marriage an unavoidable measure.

YOUNG W. May I hope, then, you rather think me unfortunate than culpable?

WILD. Why, your situation is a sufficient excuse; all I blame you for is your keeping it a secret from me. With Miss Grantham I shall make an awkward figure; but the best apology is the truth.

YOUNG W. Certainly, sir; for truth may be blamed, though it cannot be shamed—for, as Harry Hotspur said, "Oh, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil."

WILD. Well, well; I'll hasten and explain it to her all—Oh, Jack, Jack, this is a mortifying business!

YOUNG W. Most melancholy.

[*Exit WILDING, L.*]

PAP. I am amazed, sir, that you have so carefully concealed this transaction from me.

YOUNG W. Heyday! what, do you believe it too?

PAP. Believe it! why, is not the story of *his* marriage true?

YOUNG W. Not a syllable.

PAP. And the cat, and the pistol, and the poker?

YOUNG W. All invention. And were you really taken in?

PAP. Lord, sir, how was it possible to avoid it? Mercy on us, what a collection of circumstances have you crowded together!

YOUNG W. Genius, the mere effects of genius, Papillion; but to deceive you, who so thoroughly know me!

PAP. But to prevent that for the future, could you not just give your humble servant a hint when you are bent upon bouncing? Besides, sir, if you recollect your fixed resolution to reform—

YOUNG W. Ay, as to matter of fancy, the mere sport and frolic of invention; but in case of necessity—why, Miss Godfrey was at stake, and I was forced to use all my finesse.

Enter a SERVANT, R.

SERVANT. Two letters, sir.

[Exit, R.

PAP. There are two things, in my conscience, my master will never want—a prompt lie, and a ready excuse for telling it.

YOUNG W. Hum! business begins to thicken upon us; a challenge from Sir James Elliot, and a rendezvous from the pretty Miss Godfrey. They shall both be observed, but in their order; therefore the lady first. Let me see—I have not been twenty hours in town, and I have already got a challenge, a mistress, and a wife; now, if I can get engaged in a Chancery suit, I shall have my hands pretty full of employment. Come, Papillion, we have no time to be idle. *[Exeunt, R. 2 E.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Miss GODFREY'S House, in 3d grooves. Screen, R. C.*

Discover MISS GRANTHAM and MISS GODFREY, R.

MISS Go. Upon my word, Miss Grantham, this is but an idle piece of curiosity; you know the man is already disposed of, and therefore—

MISS GR. That is true, my dear, but there is in this affair some mystery that I must and will have explained.

MISS Go. Come, come, I know the grievance; you can't brook that this spark, though even a married man, should throw off his allegiance to you, and enter a volunteer in my service.

MISS GR. And so you take the fact for granted?

MISS Go. Have I not his letter?

MISS GR. Conceited creature! I fancy, miss, by your vast affection for this letter, it is the first of the kind you have ever received.

MISS Go. Nay, my dear, why should you be piqued at me? the fault is none of mine; I dropt no handkerchief, I threw out no lure, the bird came willingly to hand, you know.

MISS GR. Metaphorical too! What, you are setting up for a wit as

well as a belle! Why, really, madam, to do you justice, you have full as fine pretensions to one as the other.

MISS GO. I fancy, madam, the world will not form their judgment of either from the report of a disappointed rival.

MISS GR. Rival! admirably rallied! But let me tell you, madam, this sort of behavior, madam, at your own house, whatever may be your beauty, is no great proof of your breeding, madam.

MISS GO. As to that, madam, I hope I shall always show a proper resentment to any insult that is offered me, let it be in whose house it will; the assignation, madam, both time and place, was of your own contriving.

MISS GR. Mighty well, madam!

MISS GO. But if, dreading a mortification, you think proper to alter your plan, your chair, I believe, is in waiting.

MISS GR. It is, madam; then let it wait! Oh, what! that was your scheme! but it won't take, miss, the contrivance is a little too shallow.

MISS GO. I don't understand you.

MISS GR. Cunning creature! so all this insolence was concerted, it seems; a plot to drive me out of the house, that you might have the fellow all to yourself; but I have a regard for your character though you neglect it. Fie, miss, a passion for a married man! I really blush for you.

MISS GO. And I sincerely pity you. But curb your choler a little; the inquiry you are about to make requires rather a cooler disposition of mind; and by this time the hero is at hand.

MISS GR. Mighty well; I am prepared. But, Miss Godfrey, if you really wish to be acquitted of all artificial underhand dealings in this affair, suffer me in your name to manage the interview.

MISS GO. Most willingly. (*Enter JOHN, who whispers to MISS GODFREY*) It's he!

MISS GR. Then hide yourself, miss, if you please. Here, behind the screen.

Enter YOUNG WILDING, L.

YOUNG W. This is the temple, and there is my goddess herself—Miss Godfrey. Am I right?

MISS GR. You received my letter I see, sir.

YOUNG W. And flew to the appointment with more——

MISS GR. No raptures, I beg. But you must not suppose this meeting meant to encourage your hopes.

YOUNG W. How, madam?

MISS GR. Oh, by no means, sir; for though I own your figure is pleasing, and your conversation——

MISS GO. Hold, miss; when did I ever converse with him? (*from within.*)

MISS GR. Why, did you not see him in the Park?

MISS GO. True, madam; but the conversation was with you.

MISS GR. Bless me! you are very difficult. I say, sir, though your person may be unexceptionable, yet your character——

YOUNG W. My character!

MISS GR. Come, come, you are better known than you imagine.

YOUNG W. I hope not.

MISS GR. Your name is Wilding.

YOUNG W. How the deuce came she by that!—True, madam.

MISS GR. Pray, have you never heard of a Miss Grantham?

YOUNG W. Frequently.

MISS GR. You have. And had you never any favorable thoughts of that lady ?

YOUNG W. If you mean as a lover, never. The lady did me the honor to have a small design upon me.

MISS GO. I hear every word, miss.

MISS GR. I have been told, sir, that——

YOUNG W. Yes, madam, and very likely by the lady herself.

MISS GR. Sir !

YOUNG W. Oh, madam, I have another obligation in my pocket to Miss Grantham, which must be discharged in the morning.

MISS GR. Of what kind ? (*rises.*)

YOUNG W. Why, the lady, finding an old humble servant of hers a little lethargic, has thought fit to administer me in a jealous draught, in order to quicken his passion.

MISS GR. Sir, let me tell you——

MISS GO. Have a care ; you will betray yourself.

YOUNG W. Oh, the whole story will afford you infinite diversion ; such a farrago of sights and feasts and fireworks. But upon my honor, the girl has a fertile invention.

MISS GR. Every syllable false.—But, sir, we have another charge against you. Do you know anything of a lady at Abingdon ?

YOUNG W. Miss Grantham again. Yes, madam, I have some knowledge of that lady.

MISS GR. You have ? Well, sir, and that being the case, how could you have the assurance——

YOUNG W. A moment's patience, madam.—That lady, that Berkshire lady, will, I can assure you, prove no bar to my hopes.

MISS GR. How, sir ; no bar ?

YOUNG W. Not in the least, madam ; for that lady exists in idea only.

MISS GR. No such person !

YOUNG W. A mere creature of the imagination.

MISS GR. Indeed !

YOUNG W. The attacks of Miss Grantham were so powerfully enforced, too, by paternal authority, that I had no method of avoiding the blow, but by the sheltering myself under the conjugal shield.

MISS GR. But how am I to credit the assertion ?

YOUNG W. Nay, madam, surely Miss Godfrey shou'd not accuse me of a crime her own charms have occasioned. Could any other motive, but the fear of losing her, prevail on me to trifle with a father, or compel me to infringe those laws which I have hitherto so inviolably observed ?

MISS GR. What laws, sir ?

YOUNG W. The sacred laws of truth, madam.

MISS GR. There, indeed, you did yourself an infinite violence. But, when the whole of the affair is discovered, will it be so easy to get rid of Miss Grantham ? The violence of her passion, and the old gentleman's obstinacy——

YOUNG W. Are nothing to a mind resolved.

MISS GR. Poor Miss Grantham !

YOUNG W. Do you know her, madam ?

MISS GR. I have heard of her ; but you, sir, I suppose, have been long on an intimate footing ?

YOUNG W. Bred up together from children.

MISS GR. Brave !—Is she handsome ?

YOUNG W. Her paint comes from Paris, and her femme de chambre is an excellent artist.

MISS GR. Very well !—Her shape ?

YOUNG W. Pray, madam, is not Curzon esteemed the best stay-maker for people inclined to be crooked?

MISS GR. But as to the qualities of her mind; for instance, her understanding!

YOUNG W. Uncultivated.

MISS GR. Her wit?

YOUNG W. Borrowed.

MISS GR. Her taste?

YOUNG W. Trifling.

MISS GR. And her temper?

YOUNG W. Intolerable.

MISS GR. A finished picture. But come, these are not your real thoughts; this is a sacrifice you think due to the vanity of our sex.

YOUNG W. My honest sentiments; and to convince you how thoroughly in different I am to that lady, I would, upon my veracity, as soon take a wife from the Grand Seignior's seraglio.—Now, madam, I hope you are satisfied.

MISS GR. And you would not scruple to acknowledge this before the lady's face?

YOUNG W. The first opportunity.

MISS GR. That I will take care to provide you.—Dare you meet her here?

YOUNG W. When?

MISS GR. In half an hour.

YOUNG W. But won't a declaration of this sort appear odd at—a——

MISS GR. Come, no evasion; I must insist on this proof at least of——

YOUNG W. You shall have it.

MISS GR. In half an hour?

YOUNG W. This instant.

MISS GR. Be punctual.

YOUNG W. Or may I forfeit your favor.

[Exit, L

MISS GR. Very well; till then, sir, adieu. (*aside*) Now I think I have my spark in the toils; and if the fellow has any feeling, if I don't make him smart for every article—(*to Miss GODFREY*) Come, my dear, I shall stand in need of your aid.

Exit, L

Enter JOHN, L, showing in WILDING.

JOHN. I will let my lady know, sir.—Sir James Elliot is in the next room, waiting for her.

WILD. Pray, honest friend, will you tell Sir James that I beg the favor of a word with him? (*Exit JOHN*) This unthinking boy! Half the purpose of my life has been to plan this scheme for his happiness, and in one heedless hour has he mangled it.

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, L.

Sir, I ask your pardon; but upon so interesting a subject, I know you will excuse my intrusion. Pray, sir, of what credit is the family of the Sybthorps in Berkshire?

SIR J. Sir!

WILD. I don't mean as to property; that I am not so solicitous about; but as to their character. Do they live in reputation? Are they respected in the neighborhood?

SIR J. The family of the Sybthorps?

WILD. Of the Sybthorps.

SIR J. Really, I don't know, sir.

WILD. Not know ?

SIR J. No ; it is the very first time I ever heard of the name.

WILD (*aside*). How steadily he denies it ; well done, Baronet ! I find Jack's account was a just one. (*aloud*) Pray, Sir James, recollect yourself.

SIR J. It will be to no purpose.

WILD. Come, sir, your motive for this affected ignorance is a generous but unnecessary proof of your friendship for my son ; but I know the whole affair.

SIR J. What affair ?

WILD. Jack's marriage.

SIR J. What Jack ?

WILD. My son Jack.

SIR J. Is he married ?

WILD. Is he married ? why, you know he is.

SIR J. Not I, upon my honor.

WILD. Nay, that is going a little too far ; but to remove all your scruples at once, he has owned it himself.

SIR J. He has !

WILD. Ay, ay, to me ; every circumstance—going to your new purchase at Abingdon—meeting Lydia Sybthorp at the assembly—their private interviews—surprised by the father—pistol—poker—and marriage ; in short, every particular.

SIR J. And this account you had from your son ?

WILD. From Jack—not two hours ago.

SIR J. I wish you joy, sir.

WILD. Not much of that, I believe.

SIR J. Why, sir, does the marriage displease you ?

WILD. Doubtless.

SIR J. Then I fancy you may make yourself easy.

WILD. Why so ?

SIR J. You have got, sir, the most prudent daughter-in-law in the British dominions.

WILD. I am happy to hear it.

SIR J. For though she mayn't have brought you much, I'm sure she'll not cost you a farthing.

WILD. Ay, exactly Jack's account.

SIR J. She'll be easily jointured.

WILD. Justice shall be done her.

SIR J. No provision necessary for younger children.

WILD. No, sir ; why not ? I can tell you, if she answers your account, not the daughter of a duke——

SIR J. Ha, ha, ha, ha !

WILD. You are merry, sir.

SIR J. What an unaccountable old fellow !

WILD. Sir !

SIR J. I beg your pardon, sir ; but with regard to this marriage——

WILD. Well, sir !

SIR J. I take the whole history to be neither more nor less than an absolute fable.

WILD. How, sir !

SIR J. Even so.

WILD. Why, sir, do you think my son would dare to impose upon me ?

SIR J. Sir, he would dare to impose upon anybody. Don't I know him ?

WILD. What do you know ?

SIR J. I know, sir, that his narratives gain him more applause than credit, and that, whether from constitution or habit, there is no believing a syllable he says.

WILD. Oh, mighty well, sir! (*aside*) He wants to turn the tables upon Jack, but it won't do. You are forestalled—your novels won't pass upon me.

SIR J. Sir ?

WILD. Nor is the character of my son to be blasted with the breath of a bouncer.

SIR J. What is this ?

WILD. No, no, Mr. Mandeville, it won't do; you are as well known here as in your own county of Hereford.

SIR J. Mr. Wilding, but that I am sure this extravagant behavior owes its rise to some impudent impositions of your son, your age would scarce prove your protection.

WILD. Nor, sir, but that I know my boy equal to the defence of his own honor, should he want a protector in this arm, withered and impotent as you may think it—

Enter MISS GRANTHAM, R.

MISS GR. Bless me, gentlemen, what is the meaning of this ?

SIR J. No more at present, sir; I have another demand upon your son; we'll settle the whole together.

WILD. I am sure he will do you justice.

MISS GR. How, Sir James Elliot; must I be the eternal object of your outrage? not only insulted in my own person, but in that of my friends! Pray, sir, what right—

WILD. Madam, I ask your pardon; a disagreeable occasion brought me here. I come, madam, to renounce all hopes of being nearer allied to you, my son, unfortunately, being married already.

MISS GR. Married!

SIR J. Yes, madam, to a lady in the clouds; and because I have refused to acknowledge her family, this old gentleman has behaved in a manner very inconsistent with his usual politeness!

WILD. Sir, I thought this affair was to be reserved for another occasion; but you, it seems—

MISS GR. Oh, is that the business! Why, I begin to be afraid that we are here a little in the wrong, Mr. Wilding.

WILD. Madam!

MISS GR. Your son has just confirmed Sir James Elliot's opinion.

WILD. Is it possible ?

MISS GR. Most true; and assigned two most whimsical motives for the unaccountable tale.

WILD. What can they be ?

MISS GR. An aversion for me, whom he has seen but once, and an affection for Miss Godfrey, whom, I am almost sure, he never saw in his life.

WILD. You amaze me.

MISS GR. Indeed, Mr. Wilding, your son is a most extraordinary youth; he has finely perplexed us all. I think, Sir James, you have a small obligation to him.

SIR J. Which I shall take care to acknowledge the first opportunity.

WILD. You have my consent. An abandoned profligate? Was his father a proper subject for his—but I discard him.

MISS GR. Nay, now, gentlemen, you are rather too warm; I can't think Mr. Wilding hard-hearted at the bottom. This is a levity.

WILD. How, madam, a levity?

MISS GR. Take my word for it, no more; inflamed into habit by the approbation of his juvenile friends. Will you submit his punishment to me? I think I have the means in my hands both to satisfy your resentment's and accomplish his cure into the bargain.

SIR J. I have no quarrel to him, but for the ill offices he has done me with you.

MISS GR. D'ye hear, Mr. Wilding? I am afraid my opinion with Sir James must cement the general peace.

WILD. Madam, I submit to any—

Enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. Mr. Wilding to wait upon you, madam. [*Exit, L.*]

MISS GR. He is punctual, I find. Come, good folks, you all act under my direction; you, sir, will get from your son, by what means you think fit, the real truth of the Abingdon business; you must likewise seemingly consent to his marriage with Miss Godfrey, whom I shrewdly suspect he has, by some odd accident, mistaken for me; the lady herself shall appear at your call. Come, Sir James; nay, no ceremony, we must be as busy as bees. [*Exit MISS GRANTHAM and SIR JAMES, R.*]

WILD. This strange boy!—but I must command my temper.

Enter YOUNG WILDING, L.

YOUNG W. (*as he enters*). People to speak with me? See what they want, Papillion. My father here? that's unlucky enough!

WILD. Hi, Jack, what brings you here?

YOUNG W. Why, I thought it my duty to wait upon Miss Grantham in order to make her some apology for the late unfortunate—

WILD. Well, now, that is prudently as well as politely done.

YOUNG W. I am happy to meet, sir, with your approbation.

WILD. I have been thinking, Jack about my daughter-in-law; as the affair is public, it is not decent to let her continue longer at her father's.

YOUNG W. Sir!

WILD. Would it not be right to send for her home?

YOUNG W. Doubtless, sir.

WILD. I think so. Why, then, to-morrow my chariot shall fetch her.

YOUNG W. (*aside*). The devil it shall! (*aloud*) Not quite so soon, if you please, sir.

WILD. No! Why not?

YOUNG W. The journey may be dangerous in her present condition.

WILD. What's the matter with her?

YOUNG W. She is in an interesting situation.

WILD. An au-lacious—That is fortunate. But, however, an easy carriage and short stages can't hurt her.

YOUNG W. Pardon me, sir, I dare not trust her; she's so very delicate.

WILD. Nay, then, there may be danger indeed. But should not I write to her father, just to let him know that you have discovered the secret?

YOUNG W. By all means, sir; it will make him extremely happy.

WILD. Why, then, I will instantly about it. Pray, how do you direct to him?

YOUNG W. Abingdon, Berkshire.

WILD. True; but his address?

YOUNG W. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I shall write by this post to my wife, and will send your letter enclosed.

WILD. Ay, ay, that will do. (*going.*)

YOUNG W. So, I have parried that thrust.

WILD. Though, upon second thoughts, Jack, that will rather look too familiar for an introductory letter.

YOUNG W. Sir?

WILD. And these country gentlemen are full of punctilios.—No, I'll send him a letter apart; so give me his direction.

YOUNG W. You have it, sir.

WILD. Ay, but his name; I have been so hurried, that I have entirely forgot it.

YOUNG W. I am sure so have I. (*aside*) His name—his name, sir—Hopkins.

WILD. Hopkins!

YOUNG W. Yes, sir,—H, O, P, K, I, N, S.

WILD. That is not the same name that you gave me before?

YOUNG W. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir.—Hut! ha! ha! ha!

WILD. Why, what are you laughing at, sir?

YOUNG W. At the idea of your not allowing me to know the name of my own wife's father.

WILD. I care nothing for that, sir! That was not the name you gave me before; it was more like—If I recollect—either Sythorp, or Sybthrop.

YOUNG W. You are right, sir; that is his paternal appellation; but the name of Hopkins he took for an estate of his mother's; so he is indifferently called Hopkins or Sybthrop; and now I recollect I have his letter in my pocket—he signs himself Sybthrop Hopkins.

WILD. There is no end to this; I must stop him at once. Hark ye, sir, I think you are called my son?

YOUNG W. I hope, sir, you have no reason to doubt it.

WILD. And look upon yourself as a gentleman?

YOUNG W. In having the honor of descending from you.

WILD. And that you think a sufficient pretension?

YOUNG W. Sir—pray, sir—

WILD. And by what means do you imagine your ancestors obtained that distinguishing title? By their pre-eminence in virtue, I suppose.

YOUNG W. Doubtless, sir.

WILD. And has it never occurred to you, that what was gained by honor might be lost by infamy?

YOUNG W. Perfectly, sir.

WILD. Are you to learn what redress even the imputation of a lie demands; and that nothing less than the life of the adversary can extinguish the affront?

YOUNG W. Doubtless, sir.

WILD. Then how dare you call yourself a gentleman? you, whose life has been one continued scene of fraud and falsity! And would nothing content you but making me a partner in your infamy? Must your father be made the innocent instrument to circulate your abominable impositions?

YOUNG W. But, sir!

WILD. Within this hour my life was nearly sacrificed in defence of your fame; but perhaps that was your intention; and the story of your marriage merely calculated to send me out of the world, as a grateful return for my bringing you into it.

YOUNG W. For heaven's sake, sir!

WILD. What other motive ?

YOUNG W. Here me, I entreat you, sir.

WILD. To be again imposed on ! No, Jack ; my eyes are opened at last.

YOUNG W. By all that's sacred, sir——

WILD. I am now deaf to your delusions.

YOUNG W. But hear me, sir. I own the Abingdon business——

WILD. An absolute fiction.

YOUNG W. I do.

WILD. And how dare you——

YOUNG W. I crave but a moment's audience.

WILD. Go on.

YOUNG W. Previous to the communication of your intention for me I accidentally met with a lady, whose charms——

WILD. So !—what, here's another marriage trumped out ? but that is a stale device. And, pray, sir, what place does this lady inhabit ? Come, come, come, go on ; you have a fertile invention, and this is a fine opportunity. Well, sir, and this charming lady, residing, I suppose, *in nubibus*——

YOUNG W. No, sir ; in London.

WILD. Indeed !

YOUNG W. Nay, more, and at this instant in the next room.

WILD. And her name ?

YOUNG W. Godfrey.

WILD. The mistress of this house ?

YOUNG W. The very same, sir.

WILD. Have you spoken to her ?

YOUNG W. Parted from her not ten minutes ago ; nay, am here by her appointment.

WILD. Has she favored your address ?

YOUNG W. Time, sir, and your approbation will, I hope.

WILD. Look ye, sir, as there is some little probability in this story, I shall think it worth farther inquiry. To be plain with you, I know Miss Godfrey ; am intimate with her family ; and though you deserve but little from me, I will endeavor to aid your intention. But if, in the progress of this affair, you practise any of your usual arts ; if I discover the least falsehood, the least duplicity, remember you have lost a father.

YOUNG W. I shall submit without a murmur. [Exit WILDING, R.]

Enter PAPILLION, L.

PAP. Sir, sir, here has been the devil to pay below.

YOUNG W. And, sir, sir, sir, here has been the devil to pay above.

PAP. There are a whole legion of cooks, confectioners, musicians, waiters, and watermen.

YOUNG W. What do they want ?

PAP. You, sir.

YOUNG W. Me !

PAP. Yes, sir ; they have brought in their bills.

YOUNG W. Bills ! for what ?

PAP. For the entertainment you gave last night upon the water.

YOUNG W. That I gave ?

PAP. Yes, sir ; you remember the bill of fare ; I am sure the very mention of it makes my mouth water.

YOUNG W. Prythee, are you mad ? There must be some mistake ; you know that I——

PAP. They have been vastly puzzled to find out your lodgings ; but

Mr. Robinson meeting by accident with Sir James Elliot, he was kind enough to tell him where you lived. Here are the bills: Almack's, twelve dozen of Claret, ditto Champagne, Frontiniac, Sweetmeats, Pine-apples; the whole amount is £372 9s., besides music and fireworks.

YOUNG W. Come, sir, this is no time for trifling.

PAP. Nay, sir, they say they have gone full as low as they can afford, and they were in hopes, from the great satisfaction you expressed to Sir James Elliot, that you would throw them in an additional compliment.

YOUNG W. Hark ye, Mr. Papillion, if you don't cease your impertinence, I shall pay you a compliment that you would gladly excuse.

PAP. Upon my faith, I relate but the mere matter of fact; you know, sir, I am but bad at invention.

YOUNG W. But are you serious? is this possible?

PAP. Most certainly; it was with difficulty I restrained their impatience; but, however, I have dispatched them to your lodgings, with a promise that you shall immediately meet them.

YOUNG W. Oh, there we shall soon rid our hands of the troop. Now, Papillion, I have news for you; my father has got to the bottom of the whole Abingdon business.

PAP. The deuce!

YOUNG W. We parted this moment; such a scene!

PAP. And what was the issue?

YOUNG W. Happy beyond my hopes. Not only an act of oblivion, but a promise to plead my cause with the fair.

PAP. With Miss Godfrey?

YOUNG W. Who else? He is now with her in the next room.

PAP. And there is no—you understand me—in all this?

YOUNG W. No, no; that is all over now—my reformation is fixed.

PAP. As a weathercook.

YOUNG W. Here comes my father.

Enter WILDING, R.

WILD. Well, sir, I find in this last article you have condescended to tell me the truth; the lady is not averse to your union, but, in order to fix so mutable a mind, I have drawn up a slight contract, which you are both to sign.

YOUNG W. With transport.

WILD. I will introduce Miss Godfrey.

[*Exit, R.*

YOUNG W. Did not I tell you, Papillion?

PAP. This is amazing, indeed!

YOUNG W. Am not I happy, fortunate? But they come.

Enter WILDING and MISS GODFREY, R.

WILD. If, madam, he has not the highest sense of the great honor you do him, I shall cease to regard him.—There, sir, make your own acknowledgments to that lady.

YOUNG W. Sir!

WILD. This is more than you merit, but let your future behavior testify your gratitude.

YOUNG W. Papillion! madam! sir!

WILD. What, is the puppy petrified? Why don't you go up to the lady?

YOUNG W. Up to the lady! that lady?

WILD. That lady! To be sure. What other lady? To Miss Godfrey.

YOUNG W. That lady Miss Godfrey ?

WILD. What is all this ? Hark ye, sir, I see what you are at, but no trifling; I'll be no more the dupe of your double, detestable—Recollect my last resolution; this instant your hand to the contract, or tremble at the consequence.

YOUNG W. Sir, that I hope, is—might not I—to be sure—

WILD. No further evasions! There, sir.

YOUNG W. Heigho! (*signs it.*)

WILD. Very well. Now, madam, your name, if you please.

YOUNG W. Papillion, do you know who she is ?

PAP. That's a question in deed; don't you, sir ?

YOUNG W. Not I, as I hope to be saved.

Enter JOHN, L.

JOHN. A young lady begs to speak with Mr. Wilding.

WILD. With me ?

JOHN. With *young* Mr. Wilding.

MISS GO. A young lady with Mr. Wilding ?

JOHN. Seems distressed, madam, and extremely pressing for admittance.

MISS GO. Indeed! there may be something in this. You must permit me, sir, to pause a little; who knows but a prior claim may prevent—

WILD. How, sir, who is this lady ?

YOUNG W. It is impossible for me to divine, sir.

WILD. You know nothing of her ?

YOUNG W. How should I ?

WILD. You hear, madam ?

MISS GO. I presume your son can have no objection to the lady's appearance.

YOUNG W. Not in the least, madam.

MISS GO. Show her in, John.

[*Exit JOHN, L.*]

WILD. No, madam I don't think there is the least room for suspecting him; he can't be so abandoned as to—But she is here.

Enter MISS GRANTHAM as MISS SYBTHORP, L.

MISS GR. Where is he? Oh, let me throw my arms—my life—my—

YOUNG W. Heyd y!

MISS GR. And could you leave me? and for so long a space? Think how the tedious time has lagged along.

YOUNG W. Madam!

MISS GR. But we are met at last, and now will part no more.

YOUNG W. The deuce we won't!

MISS GR. What, not one kind look—no tender word to hail our second meeting?

YOUNG W. What the devil is all this?

MISS GR. Are all your oaths, your protestations, come to this? Have I deserved such treatment? Quitted my father's house, left all my friends, and wandered here alone in search of thee, thou first, last, only object of my love!

WILD. To what can all this tend? Hark ye, sir, unriddle this mystery.

YOUNG W. *Divus sum, non Ælipus.* It is beyond me, I confess. Some lunatic escaped from her keeper, I suppose.

MISS GR. Am I disowned, then, contemned, slighted?

WILD. Ho'd! let me inquire into this matter a little. Pray, madam, you seem to be pretty familiar here, do you know this gentleman?

MISS GR. Too well.

WILD. His name?

MISS GR. Wilding.

WILD. So far she is right. Now yours, if you please?

MISS GR. Wilding.

OMNES. Wilding!

WILD. And how came you by that name, pray?

MISS GR. Most lawfully, sir; by the sacred band, the holy tie that made us one.

WILD. What, married to him?

MISS GR. Most true.

OMNES. How?

YOUNG W. Sir, may I never—

WILD. Peace, monster! One question more, your maiden name!

MISS GR. Sybthorp.

WILD. Lydia, from Abingdon, in the county of Berks?

MISS GR. The same.

WILD. As I suspected. So, then, the whole story is true, and the monster is married at last.

YOUNG W. Me, sir! By all that's—

WILD. Measureless liar!

YOUNG W. If not me, hear this gentleman; Marquis—

PAP. Not I; I'll be drawn into none of your scrapes; it is a pit of your own digging, and so get out as well as you can.

WILD. What evasion now, monster?

MISS GO. Deceiver!

WILD. Liar!

MISS GO. Imposter!

YOUNG W. Why, this is a general combination to distract me; but I will be heard. Sir, you are grossly imposed upon; the low contriver of this woman's shallow artifice I shall soon find means to discover; and as to you, madam, with whom I have been suddenly surprised into a contract, I most solemnly declare this is the first time I ever set eyes on you.

WILD. Amazing confidence! Did not I bring her at your own request?

YOUNG W. No.

MISS GO. Is not this your own letter? (*shows letter.*)

YOUNG W. No.

MISS GR. Am not I your wife?

YOUNG W. No.

WILD. Did not you own it to me?

YOUNG W. Yes—that is—no, no.

MISS GR. Hear me.

YOUNG W. No.

MISS GO. Answer me.

YOUNG W. No.

WILD. Have not I—

YOUNG W. No, no, no. Zounds! you are all mad! and if I stay, I shall catch the infection. (*going, L.*)

Enter SIR JAMES ELLIOT, L., who stops YOUNG WILDING.

SIR J. Stop, sir; the play is not over. Madam, you may unmask.
(*MISS GRANTHAM removes her veil.*)

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

WILD. Finely performed.

MISS GR. Yes, I think I did it pretty well.

YOUNG W. Miss Godfrey!

MISS GR. No, sir; Miss Grantham, at your service.

YOUNG W. What, sir; is this the lady you intended. Why she is——

SIR J. My future wife.

YOUNG W. Is it possible! Have I then lost——

MISS GR. Nothing! only a woman whose paint comes from Paris, and whose stays serve to hide her crooked shape. Why you would as soon take a wife from the Grand Signior's Seraglio, you know.

YOUNG W. Madam, if sincere repentance——

MISS GR. Too late, sir; I reject you as a lover.

MISS GO. (*tearing up paper*). I refuse you as a husband.

SIR J. I discard you as a friend.

WILD. I abandon you as a son.

PAP. And I discharge you as a master.

YOUNG W. So my lying has brought me to a pretty pass. What's to be done?

PAP. Suppose you were to try the truth for once.

YOUNG W. Papillion, you are right. I will turn over a new leaf, and I call all present to witness that henceforth I shall stick to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

ALL. If you can.

YOUNG W. True—if I can. Only it's so confoundedly dull and matter of fact. I can't do it, my imagination is too lively. No, let me but have the assurance that my poetic prose has afforded you amusement, and egad, I'll lie through thick and thin every evening till further notice.

WILD. MISS GODFREY. YOUNG W. MISS. GRANTHAM. SIR J. PAPHILLION.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.



Please notice that nearly all the Comedies, Farces and Comediettas in the following List of "DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS" are very suitable for representation in small Amateur Theatres and on Parlor Stages, as they need but little extrinsic aid from complex scenery or expensive costumes. They have attained their deserved popularity by their droll situations, excellent plots, great humor and brilliant dialogues, no less than by the fact that they are the most perfect in every respect of any edition of plays ever published either in the United States or Europe, whether as regards purity of text, accuracy and fullness of stage directions and scenery, or elegance of typography and clearness of printing.

* * In ordering please copy the figures at the commencement of each piece, which indicate the number of the piece in "DE WITT'S LIST OF ACTING PLAYS."

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The figure following the name of the Play denotes the number of Acts. The figures in the columns indicate the number of characters—M. male; F. female.

	M.	F.		M.	F.
75. Adrienne, drama, 3 acts.....	7	3	222. Cool as a Cucumber, farce, 1 act....	3	2
231. All that Glitters is not Gold, comic drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	243. Cricket on the Hearth, drama, 3 acts	8	7
308. All on Account of a Bracelet, come- dietta, 1 act.....	2	2	107. Cupboard Love, farce, 1 act.....	2	1
114. Anything for a Change, comedy, 1 act	3	3	152. Cupid's Eye-Glass, comedy, 1 act... 1	1	1
167. Apple Blossoms, comedy, 3 acts... 7	3	3	52. Cup of Tea, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	1
93. Area Belle, farce, 1 act.....	3	2	148. Cut Off with a Shilling, comedietta, 1 act.....	2	1
40. Atchi, comedietta, 1 act.....	3	2	113. Cyril's Success, comedy, 5 acts....	10	4
89. Aunt Charlotte's Maid, farce, 1 act.	3	3	20. Daddy Gray, drama, 3 acts.....	8	4
258. Aunt Dinah's Pledge, temperance drama, 2 acts.....	6	3	286. Daisy Farm, drama, 4 acts.....	10	4
237. Bachelor's Box (La Petite Hotel), comedietta, 1 act.....	4	1	4. Dandelion's Dodges, farce, 1 act....	4	2
166. Bardell vs. Pickwick, sketch, 1 act.	6	2	22. David Carrick, comedy, 3 acts.....	8	3
310. Barrack Room (The), comedietta, 2a.	6	2	275. Day After the Wedding, farce, 1 act	4	2
41. Beautiful Forever, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	96. Dearest Mamma, comedietta, 1 act..	4	3
141. Bells (The), drama, 3 acts.....	9	3	16. Dearer than Life, drama, 3 acts....	6	5
223. Betsey Baker, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	58. Deborah (Leah), drama, 3 acts....	7	6
67. Birthplace of Podgers, farce, 1 act..	7	3	125. Deerfoot, farce, 1 act.....	5	1
36. Black Sheep, drama, 3 acts.....	7	5	71. Doing for the Best, drama, 2 acts..	5	3
279. Black-Eyed Susan, drama, 2 acts... 14	2	2	142. Dollars and Cents, comedy, 3 acts..	9	4
296. Black and White, drama, 3 acts....	6	3	204. Drawing Room Car(A), comedy, 1 act	2	1
160. Blow for Blow, drama, 4 acts.....	11	6	21. Dreams, drama, 5 acts.....	6	3
179. Breach of Promise, drama, 2 acts..	5	2	260. Drunkard's Warning, drama, 3 acts	6	3
25. Broken-Hearted Club, comedietta..	4	8	240. Drunkard's Doom (The), drama, 2a.	15	5
70. Bonnie Fish Wife, farce, 1 act.....	3	1	263. Drunkard (The), drama, 5 acts....	13	5
261. Bottle (The), drama, 2 acts.....	11	6	186. Duchess de la Valliere, play, 5 acts..	6	4
226. Box and Cox, Romance, 1 act.....	2	1	242. Dumb Belle (The), farce, 1 act....	4	2
24. Cabman No. 93, farce, 1 act.....	2	2	47. Easy Shaving, farce, 1 act.....	5	2
199. Captain of the Watch, comedietta, 1 act.....	6	2	233. E. C. B. Susan Jane, musical bur- lesque, 1 act.....	8	1
1. Caste, comedy, 3 acts.....	5	3	202. Eileen Oge, Irish drama, 4 acts... 11	3	3
175. Cast upon the World, drama, 5 acts..	11	5	315. Electric Love, farce, 1 act.....	1	1
55. Catharine Howard, historical play, 3 acts.....	12	5	297. English Gentleman (An), comedy- drama, 4 acts.....	7	4
69. Caught by the Cuff, farce, 1 act....	4	1	200. Estranged, operetta, 1 act.....	2	1
80. Charming Pair, farce, 1 act.....	4	3	135. Everybody's Friend, comedy, 3 acts	6	5
65. Checkmate, comedy, 2 acts.....	6	5	230. Family Jars, musical farce, 2 acts..	5	2
68. Chevalier de St. George, drama, 3a.	9	3	103. Faust and Marguerite, drama, 3 acts	9	7
219. Chimney Corner (The), domestic drama, 3 acts.....	5	2	9. Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials, interlude, 1 act.....	4	1
76. Chops of the Channel, farce, 1 act..	3	2	123. Female Detective, drama, 3 acts....	11	4
205. Circumstances alter Cases, comic operetta, 1 act.....	1	1	101. Fernande, drama, 3 acts.....	11	10
149. Clouds, comedy, 4 acts.....	8	7	99. Fifth Wheel, comedy, 3 acts.....	10	2
121. Comical Countess, farce, 1 act....	3	1	262. Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life, melodrama, 3 acts.....	13	4
			145. First Love, comedy, 1 act.....	4	1
			102. Foiled, drama, 4 acts.....	9	3
			88. Founded on Facts, farce, 1 act....	4	2

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.—Continued.

		M.	P.			M.	P.
159.	Fruits of the Wine Cup, drama, 3 acts	6	3		109.	2	4
192.	Game of Cards (A), comedietta, 1a.	3	1		85.	1	1
74.	Garrick Fever, farce, 1 act.	7	4		87.	1	1
53.	Gertrude's Money Box, farce, 1 act.	4	2		143.	4	2
73.	Golden Fetters (Fettered), drama, 3.11	4	4		212.	10	3
30.	Goose with the Golden Eggs, farce, 1 act.	5	8		291.	7	2
131.	Go to Putney, farce, 1 act.	4	3		210.	1	3
276.	Good for Nothing, comic drama, 1a.	5	1		163.	10	3
306.	Great Success (A), comedy, 3 acts.	8	5		154.	8	6
277.	Grimshaw, Bagshaw and Bradshaw, farce, 1 act.	4	2		63.	5	3
206.	Heir Apparent (The), farce, 1 act.	5	1		249.	3	4
241.	Handy Andy, drama, 2 acts.	10	3		208.	3	2
23.	Happy Pair, comedietta, 1 act.	7	1		39.	4	7
151.	Hard Case (A), farce, 1 act.	2	2		7.	5	3
8.	Heury Dunbar, drama, 4 acts.	10	3		49.	8	2
180.	Henry the Fifth, hist. play, 5 acts.	38	5		15.	4	2
303.	Her Only Fault, comedietta, 1 act.	2	2		46.	5	2
19.	He's a Lunatic, farce, 1 act.	3	2		51.	3	2
60.	Hidden Hand, drama, 4 acts.	5	5		302.	2	2
191.	High C, comedietta, 1 act.	3	3		184.	17	3
246.	High Life Below Stairs, farce, 2 acts.	9	5		250.	4	3
301.	Hinko, romantic drama, 6 acts.	12	7		312.	11	4
224.	His Last Legs, farce, 2 acts.	5	3		234.	1	3
187.	His Own Enemy, farce, 1 act.	5	1		108.	3	5
174.	Home, comedy, 3 acts.	4	3		188.	3	3
21.	Honesty is the Best Policy, play, 1.	2	2		169.	4	1
64.	Household Fairy, sketch, 1 act.	1	1		216.	3	3
190.	Hunting the Slippers, farce, 1 act.	4	1		236.	4	5
197.	Hunchback (The), play, 5 acts.	13	2		193.	1	1
225.	Ici on Parle Francais, farce, 1 act.	3	4			1	1
252.	Idiot Witness, melodrama, 3 acts.	6	1		267.	3	4
18.	If I had a Thousand a Year, farce, 1	4	3		130.	3	1
116.	I'm not Meself at all, Irish stew, 1a.	3	2		92.	2	2
129.	In for a Holiday, farce, 1 act.	2	3		218.	4	2
159.	In the Wrong House, farce, 1 act.	4	2		140.	3	4
278.	Irish Attorney (The), farce, 2 acts.	8	2			5	5
282.	Irish Broom Maker, farce, 1 act.	9	3		115.	3	8
273.	Irishman in London, farce, 1 acts.	6	3		2.	18	3
243.	Irish Lion (The), farce, 1 act.	8	3		57.	4	4
271.	Irish Post (The), drama, 1 act.	9	3		104.	7	5
244.	Irish Tutor (The), farce, 1 act.	5	2		112.	3	3
270.	Irish Tiger (The), farce, 1 act.	5	1		298.	4	4
274.	Irish Widow (The), farce, 2 acts.	7	1		185.	13	2
122.	Isabella Orsini, drama, 4 acts.	11	4		84.	10	6
177.	I Shall Invite the Major, comedy, 1	4	1		117.	5	4
100.	Jack Long, drama, 2 acts.	9	2			5	4
299.	Joan of Arc, hist. play, 5 acts.	26	6		171.	3	1
139.	Joy is Dangerous, comedy, 2 acts.	3	3		14.	13	6
17.	Kind to a Fault, comedy, 2 acts.	6	4		300.	11	8
233.	Kiss in the Dark (A), farce, 1 act.	2	3		269.	4	3
309.	Ladies' Battle (The), comedy, 3 acts	7	5		268.	3	3
86.	Lady of Lyons, play, 5 acts.	12	5		173.	3	3
137.	L'Article 47, drama, 3 acts.	11	5		227.	5	4
72.	Lame Excuse, farce, 1 act.	4	2		176.	1	2
144.	Lancashire Lass, melodrama, 4 acts.	12	3		254.	4	2
34.	Larkins' Love Letters, farce, 1 act.	3	2		33.	2	3
189.	Leap Year, musical duality, 1 act.	1	1		3.	8	4
253.	Lend Me Five Shillings, farce, 1 act	5	3		90.	2	2
111.	Liar (The), comedy, 2 acts.	7	5		170.	4	2
119.	Life Chase, drama, 5 acts.	14	5		289.	5	5
239.	Limerick Boy (The), farce, 1 act.	5	2		97.	3	3
48.	Little Annie's Birthday, farce, 1 act.	2	4		66.	18	4
32.	Little Rebel, farce, 1 act.	4	3		209.	16	2
164.	Little Ruby, drama, 3 acts.	6	6		172.	6	3
295.	Little Em'ly, drama, 4 acts.	8	8		94.	7	5
165.	Living Statue (The), farce, 1 act.	3	2		45.	6	6
22.	Man of a Lover (The), vaudeville, 1	4	1		155.	24	5
					178.	17	5

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.—Continued.

	M. F.		M. F.
33. Jealous Husband, sketch	2	1	
94. Julius the Snoozer, burlesque, 3 sc.	6	1	
103. Katrina's Little Game, Dutch act, 1 scene	1	1	
1. Last of the Mohicans, sketch	3	1	
36. Laughing Gas, sketch, 1 scene	6	1	
18. Live Injun, sketch, 4 scenes	4	1	
60. Lost Will, sketch	4		
37. Lucky Job, farce, 2 scenes	3	2	
90. Lunatic (The), farce, 1 scene	3		
109. Making a Hit, farce, 2 scenes	4		
19. Malicious Trespass, sketch, 1 scene.	3		
149. Meriky, Ethiopian farce, 1 scene...	3	1	
151. Micky Free, Irish sketch, 1 scene..	5		
96. Midnight Intruder, farce, 1 scene	6	1	
147. Milliner's Shop (The), Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	2	
129. Moko Marionettes, Ethiopian eccen- tricity, 2 scenes ..	4	5	
101. Molly Moriarty, Irish musical sketch, 1 scene	1	1	
117. Motor Bellows, comedy, 1 act	4		
44. Musical Servant, sketch, 1 scene...	3		
8. Mutton Trial, sketch, 2 scenes . . .	4		
119. My Wife's Visitors, comic drama, 1 sc.	6	1	
49. Night in a Strange Hotel, sketch, 1 sc.	2		
132. Noble Savage, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	4		
145. No Pay No Cure, Ethi'n sketch, 1 sc.	5		
22. Obeying Orders, sketch, 1 scene...	2	1	
27. 100th Night of Hamlet, sketch	7	1	
125. Oh, Hush! operatic olio	4	1	
30. One Night in a Bar Room, sketch..	7		
114. One Night in a Medical College, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	7	1	
76. One, Two, Three, sketch, 1 scene..	7		
91. Painter's Apprentice, farce, 1 scene.	5		
87. Pete and the Peddler, Negro and Irish sketch, 1 scene	2	1	
135. Pleasant Companions, Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene ..	5	1	
92. Polar Bear (The), farce, 1 scene...	4	1	
9. Policy Players, sketch, 1 scene	7		
57. Pompey's Patients, interlude, 2 sc..	6		
65. Porter's Troubles, sketch, 1 scene..	6	1	
66. Port Wine vs. Jealousy, sketch	2	1	
115. Private Boarding, comedy, 1 scene.	2	3	
14. Recruiting Office, sketch, 1 act	5		
105. Rehearsal (The), Irish farce, 2 sc...	3	1	
45. Remittance from Home, sketch, 1 sc.	6		
55. Rigging a Purchase, sketch, 1 sc...	3		
81. Rival Artists, sketch, 1 scene	4		
26. Rival Tenants, sketch	4		
138. Rival Barbers' Shops (The), Ethio- pian farce, 1 scene	6	1	
15. Sam's Courtship, farce, 1 act	2	1	
59. Sausage Makers, sketch, 2 scenes..	5	1	
21. Scampini, pantomime, 2 scenes...	3	3	
80. Scenes on the Mississippi, sketch, 2 scenes	6		
84. Serenade (The), sketch, 2 scenes...	7		
38. Siamese Twins, sketch, 2 scenes...	5		
74. Sleep Walker, sketch, 2 scenes...	3		
46. Slippery Day, sketch, 1 scene	6	1	
69. Squire for a Day, sketch	5	1	
56. Stage-struck Couple, interlude, 1 sc.	2	1	
72. Stranger, burlesque, 1 scene	1	2	
13. Streets of New York, sketch, 1 sc...	6		
16. Storming the Fort, sketch, 1 scene.	5		
7. Stupid Servant, sketch, 1 scene...	2		
121. Stocks Up! Stocks Down! Negro duologue, 1 scene	2		
47. Take It, Don't Take It, sketch, 1 sc.	2		
54. Them Papers, sketch, 1 scene	3		
100. Three Chiefs (The), sketch, 1 scene.	6		
102. Three A. M., sketch, 2 scenes. . .	3	1	
34. Three Strings to one Bow, sketch, 1 scene ..	4	1	
122. Ticket Taker, Ethi'n farce, 1 scene.	3		
2. Tricks, sketch	5	2	
104. Two Awfuls (The), sketch, 1 scene..	5		
5. Two Black Roses, sketch.	4	1	
28. Uncle Eph's Dream, sketch, 2 sc...	3	1	
134. Unlimited Cheek, sketch, 1 scene..	4	1	
62. Vinegar Bitters, sketch, 1 scene...	6	1	
32. Wake up, William Henry, sketch...	3		
39. Wanted, a Nurse, sketch, 1 scene...	4		
75. Weston, the Walkist, Dutch sketch, 1 scene	7	1	
93. What shall I Take? sketch, 1 scene.	7	1	
29. Who Died First? sketch, 1 scene...	3	1	
97. Who's the Actor? farce, 1 scene...	4		
137. Whose Baby is it? Ethiopian sketch, 1 scene	2	1	
143. Wonderful Telephone (The), Ethio- pian sketch, 1 scene	4	1	
99. Wrong Woman in the Right Place, sketch, 2 scenes	2	2	
85. Young Scamp, sketch, 1 scene	3		
116. Zacharias' Funeral, farce, 1 scene..	5		



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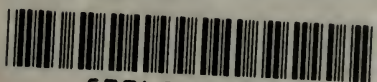
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